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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXII No. 2114 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JULY 27 1940

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Issued by The National Savings Committee, London.

Points to remember in choosing food for emergencies

IN choosing food for use in emergencies, there are four essential points to remember.

FIRST — it must provide for everyone's needs — from the youngest to the oldest members of your household.

SECOND — the food you choose must be highly nourishing and sustaining — useful alike in health or sickness.

THIRD — it must *keep*. Foods that deteriorate quickly or are easily contaminated are wasteful.

FOURTH — it must require little or no cooking or other preparation. Gas and electricity supplies may not be available: at times food may be needed in a hurry.

Just because each of these points is of essential importance, many experienced housewives are putting Horlicks first on their list of essential requirements. A stand-by in peace-time, you can rely on Horlicks to keep your family going even under the most drastic war conditions! This is why:

Horlicks is one of the most nourishing foods there are — made from rich, full-cream milk, wheat, and malted barley, yet it is so digestible that it suits people of all ages from infancy onwards. Because of its wide utility it is extensively used in civil and military hospitals.

But no less important are the "keeping" qualities of Horlicks. It will keep indefinitely in the sealed glass jars in which it is supplied. Even when the bottle has been opened, Horlicks will keep fresh and sweet if the bottle cap is replaced tightly.

You can serve Horlicks in a few seconds — just add water and mix. No additional milk is needed for the milk is already in it.

For safety's sake, get an extra stock of Horlicks now! You can have it in the well-known form for drinking, and also in the handy tablet form. Whatever else you choose in the way of preserved food, remember Horlicks can be counted on as your stand-by under any and every circumstance. At all chemists and grocers, from 2/- upwards. Tablets 3d., 1/- and 1/6.

A cup of Horlicks at bedtime soothes and relaxes tense nerves and brings sound, restful sleep

WONDERFUL as Horlicks is as a food in every emergency, it should not be kept for emergencies only. At times like these, it can play an important part in keeping you fit and helping you to get the sound, restful sleep that keeps you calm and confident. Drink a cupful, hot, every night at bedtime. A delicious, soothing "night-cap," Horlicks helps you to get to sleep quickly and to get the utmost good out of your sleep. All busy, nervous or worried people need Horlicks regularly.

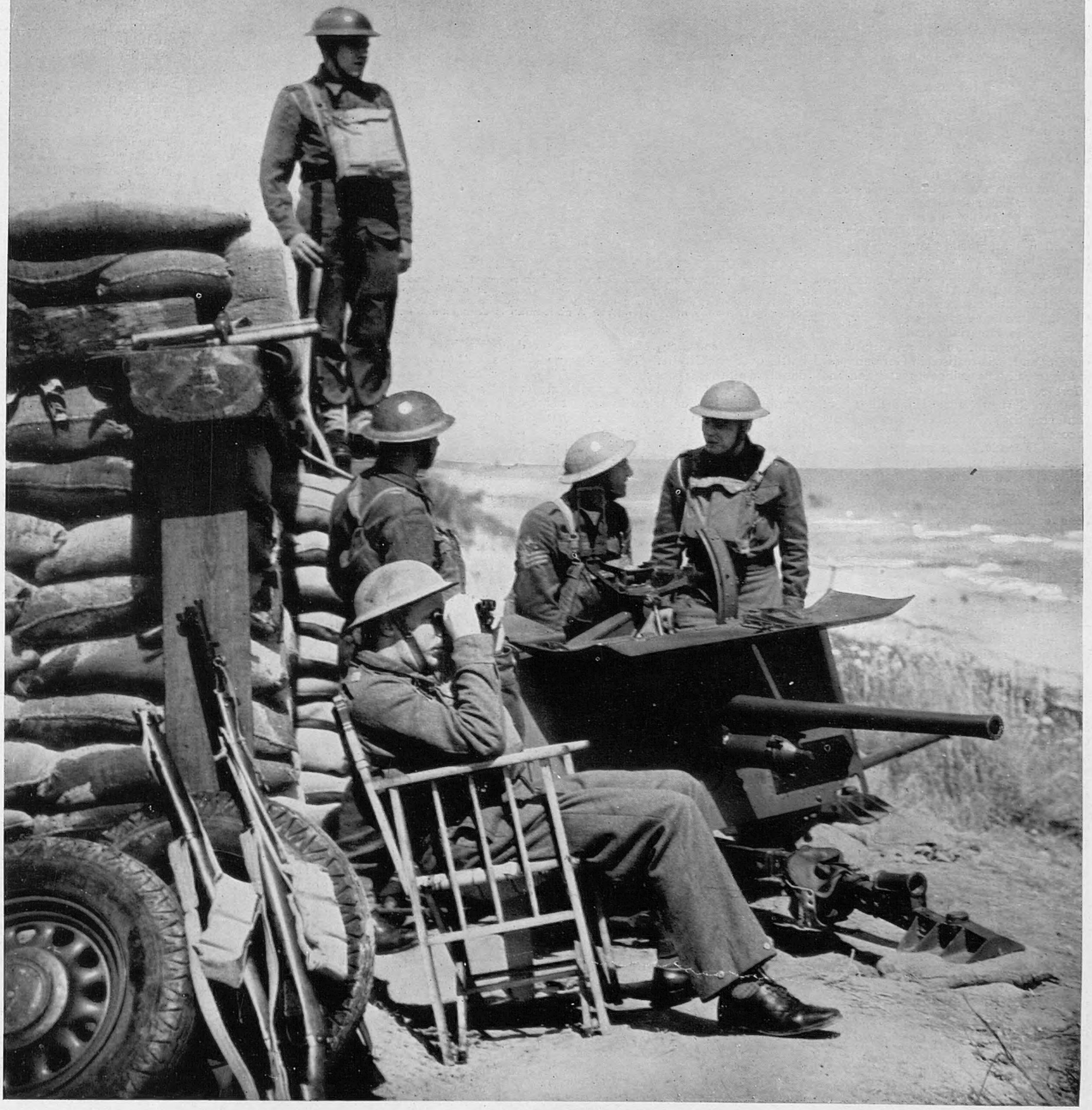
OTHER USES FOR HORLICKS

1. In place of milk for tea, coffee, cocoa, etc. — mix Horlicks to consistency of thin cream or stir the powder direct into the hot beverage, using a dry spoon each time.

2. Instead of SUGAR on porridge or breakfast cereals.

3. Sprinkle dry on bread and butter or biscuits.

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, July 27, 1940



THE CONSTANT WATCH ON BRITAIN'S COAST

An Anti-tank Crew on Guard on the Foreshore

When, last week, Germany's leader summoned Great Britain to capitulate to his will, the reply of this country was one of definite and complete defiance, with an immediate intensification of our determination to resist every effort he can make against this sea-girt land. At every point the front line watchers, the gunners and troops of all kinds are more than ever ready. The Foreign Secretary on Monday put into words the nation's reply: "We can well be of good heart when we survey the prospect. Hitler may plant the Swastika where he will, but unless he can sap the strength of Britain the foundations of his Empire are built on sand. In their hearts the peoples that he has beaten down curse him and pray that his attacks may be broken on the defences of our island fortress. They long for the day when we shall sally forth and return blow for blow." Lord Halifax declared that we would fight for freedom of the mind and of the soul. . . . "This, then, is the spirit in which we must march together in this crusade for Christianity. We and our great Dominions overseas stand, and shall continue to stand, foursquare against the forces of evil. We shall go forward seeing clearly both the splendour and the perils of the task, but strengthened by the faith through which, by God's help, as we try to do His service, we shall prevail"

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2d.

A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. XLVII

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4

RAMBLING PERMITTED: Many people whose peace-time recreations included rambling and hiking are under the impression that there is a ban on those pastimes. This is not so and ramblers will encounter no difficulties provided they carry their identity cards and the membership cards of any hiking or rambling organisation they may belong to. A policeman is seen examining identity cards in Surrey

SINGEING.—The evidence supplied us justifies us in thinking that the process of singeing the King of Spain's beard—in these days Hitler's short moustache—has had excellent results. There are advantages and disadvantages in a very long coastline and a great variety of jumping-off grounds for invasion by air fleets and ships and flat-bottomed boats. The surprise advantage is on both sides. If we are left guessing whence the main attack will develop, Hitler is left guessing where we shall next attack his attackers. It seems abundantly clear that the cutting and immobilising of the Ems-Dortmund Canal was a planned exploit of the greatest effectiveness, which will hamper vital communications for a long time, that we have taken heavy toll of his barge fleets and that we continually put his innumerable aerodromes out of action temporarily with loss to his aeroplanes and petrol supplies on the sites. Evidence accumulates, also, that the damage done to industrial centres in Germany is materially and morally important. In a word, the attack on England, it is realised in Germany, is going to call for sacrifices greater and an effort as great, as that which all but brought Germany to a standstill after achieving the collapse of France. If it succeed, that supreme effort might be justifiably made. But can it succeed? The Nazis' boast that they conquered the world's strongest defences (i.e., the Maginot Line, which they never did) is made to suggest that therefore they can conquer the weaker defences now made on the seashore of Britain. But they do not take into account that outer line of defence, Nature's Maginot Line, the seas and oceans.

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.—In a word, the attack on England is beginning to look less simple to the Nazis and Fascists the longer it hangs fire. And while it hangs fire, it needs words to bolster up the Leader's divine qualities of omniscient planning and punctual performance. The propaganda follows the old "sickening technique." Germany is told that England is in a panic. The English are told that they can have peace and plenty and honour if only they will throw over Churchill and share the sweets and riches of the world with the Axis; yes, even keep their empire and their fleet. [P.S.—This was precisely my forecast in my last week's game of "world taking and world making."] America is told that when England is beaten, Germany and America shall share the economic spoils. The Balkans are suffered to clutch at the hope of a peace offer, so generous and justice-loving, that Britain must become the common enemy of humanity if she refuse it. And lastly, if we remain unconvinced, we are threatened with horrors which the mind even of a Hitler has not yet dared to launch. No doubt the attack on England must be made, if all the less expensive expedients fail, and then the attack will lack nothing that sadism can devise from poison gas to germ bombs. But we have chemists also and a sense of poetic justice tempers our humanity in a death struggle. Every day gives us increase in realism and decrease in sentimentality. For the school of war is a hard school. Meanwhile we improve our defences, keep on our toes and derive a certain cynical satisfaction from the now well understood technique of Nazi propagandists.

"AN EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNT."—It would interest me to know how the "average reader" of THE SPHERE reacted to Charles Gardner's eye-witness recording of a great air battle over the Straits. There was no doubt at all that it was an unrehearsed item and that the blue pencil had remained in the Censor's drawer. It is very interesting to follow the different notions current of how best to key the nation up to the fighting spirit and keep it at the top. Some do it by means of quotations from Kipling, some by lauding in chosen verse our beautiful heritage; some have recourse to holy writ and some to unholy rot. Indeed, like Kipling's stories and like the curate's egg, the excellence of the B.B.C. reveals sudden patches of shoddy and rottenness. The B.B.C. is nothing at all if not a super-showman. It vulgarises courage, and makes a cheap stunt of the dreadful and inexorable duties of war. It is beyond me why the service commands allow their soldiers, sailors and airmen to be recruited for these peep shows. And this latest example by Charles Gardner seemed to me to go beyond the utmost limits of decency and to do the greatest harm to the dignity of a great nation, united in proud and high resolve in a death struggle. Can nothing be done to bring the B.B.C. directorate to a sense of the dignity of our effort and the nobility of our common cause?

WEATHER AND COMING PROBLEMS.—Though we have not hitherto enjoyed a single really warm night, we have had a good ration of sunshine and summer days. We had our July in May and June, and now in July we have been enjoying early autumn weather. I have welcomed it. It brought us very much needed rain, a good deal of cloud and wind, a nip in the air at sundown and some mist and heavy dews—quite a welcome, comforting change. In the south the sweet of the weather usually comes in late September and early October, and we can be pretty sure of a spell of that golden St. Martin. Looking ahead, there are many weather-and-season-problems to speculate upon. What lead is the Government going to give us in regard to recreational efforts to compensate for lack of holidays? That must depend on the military situation. It is not yet certain that Hitler may not postpone his first attempt at invasion and concentrate on "resettling" Europe and freezing Britain out of Europe, on "starving us out" and merely bombing us. It may well be that he is beginning to count more exactly the cost of a sea trip to Britain. If invasion hang fire and autumn come, expedients will have to be devised to keep the fortress defenders keen, patient, and interested. We shall have to stimulate football and other competitions, revive village life, modify town restrictions. We must once more readjust our social life in town and country. In the late welter of bad news we have had no heart for social intercourse, we have shunned our most intimate friends' company. Our homes have often been offices which we rarely leave save on our military or other service duties and rounds. We must get back to a little war-time entertaining and generally revive social life and recreation.

CARE OF THE MIND.—It is a matter of real importance. We cannot go on for ever without the mental restorative afforded by holidays nor for ever remain "on our toes" without recreation. Football, cinemas, competitions, social entertainments, all must play their parts. And what of sport? As the Duchess said, when she sent out notices of the Duke's interment: "And bring your gun: *whoever dies*, the pheasants, must be shot." What line will the Government take in regard to killing partridges and pheasants (of which there will still be a good stock) for food and to help the farmer? Will shooting be altogether banned, or will scratch shooting be encouraged where conditions admit? And one more anticipated and interesting speculation, which affects L.D.V. and other defence organisations. As the sun proceeds on its course, the days will come when the visibility and danger hours for invasion will fall at a time when many of the L.D.V.s are not back from work or have gone out to work. Insofar as these men are the eyes of the defences, their hours of patrol and on outpost will need reconstituting. When once more the mists and fogs wrap our island in a blanket, the opportunities for parachute descents will become nil during certain hours of the night, and both visibility-time shifts and night-shifts will require readjustment. All these matters will no doubt occupy attention from on high and are closely bound up in the general question of autumn reconstruction of social life and military arrangements. But all these things again depend on the hour of the first attempt to invade England which may have struck before these lines are printed.

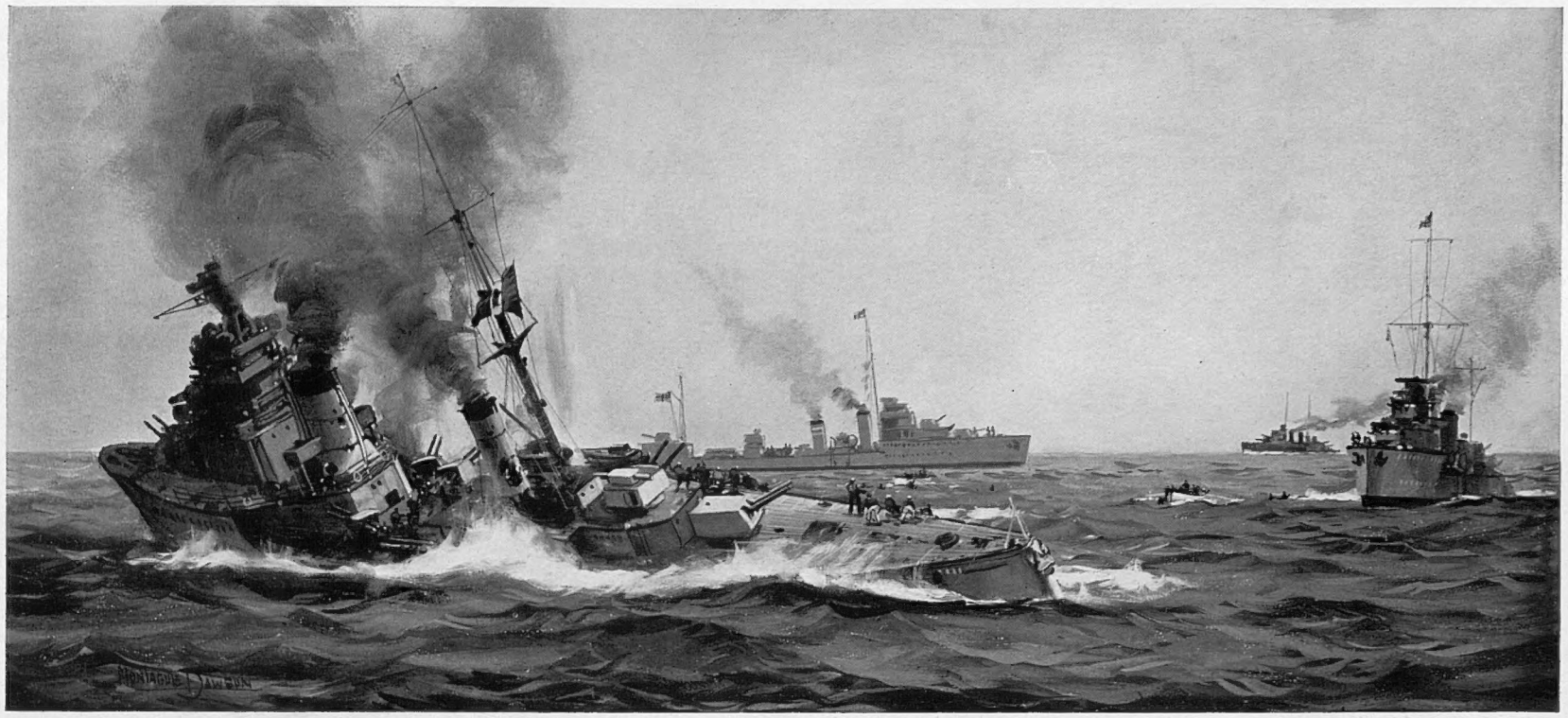
AMERICA AND THE WAR.—There is plenty of American sympathy and even American shame to be found among individual Americans in their utterances and actions to-day. Among their politicians the Presidential election still outshadows the European war, and it is only the sudden realisation that Britain's navy alone now protects America from the fate of France that has evoked the bulk of individual sympathy in our cause—that, and the innate response in American breasts to humanitarian causes. There are still politicians and financiers in America who plan a financial reconstruction with the side which wins in Europe which will vivify America's gold hoards and make her once more the most prosperous country in the world. The sole bulwark between America and Nazism is to be supported only by means which will not endanger a single American life or ship, and the war effort must be supported only by voluntary contributions from individual sympathisers and humanitarians. If America is a free country, the will of the majority must prevail. We are faced with the dilemma: either America is not a free country or the will of the majority does indeed prevail in its half-hearted safety-first attitude to the present struggle for the freedom of civilisation. The flames are charring the nursery floor—the game of halma goes on, enthralling as ever.

CHILDISH QUESTIONS—ON GERMAN WAR FINANCE.—The resources of the British Empire are enormous. We are assured we are still a rich country. We are spending £10,000,000 a day. We are not yet at all clear by what means we hope to raise the money to pay for an annual expenditure of £3,500,000,000. Germany is not a rich country. Her war expenditure is doubtless much less than ours. But she has been on a basis of supreme output for war purposes for thrice and four times as long as we. Every plane she loses presumably costs her between £15,000 and £20,000. She has lost many. Say she has lost 2,000 since September, 1939, a simple sum will give the figure of this minor item in the costs of war. Each plane is paid for by some means; the German nation is somehow the poorer by its loss. How is it done? *Can* war be indefinitely waged "on tick"? Is Germany bankrupt? If so, when did she become so? Can inflation proceed indefinitely without interfering with war production? Does the fact that Britain is still waging war on (reasonably) a cash and secured credit basis operate to our advantage against an enemy waging war on the credit obtained by an undischarged bankrupt? In short, will a day come when the Nazi credit balloon is pricked? These are childish questions. The writer is indeed a child in such matters as finance and economics. But there seems to be no child's guide available.

CAN JEEVES FUNCTION?—The news that P. G. Wodehouse, Lit. Doc., was caught in his Le Touquet villa and is living over there under Nazi rule shocked me and set me thinking. We know, through the American Embassy, that Mr. Wodehouse is "as well as can be expected." Jeeves, himself a dictator, will have need of all his vast resource and initiative if he is to continue to function over there. That Jeeves may turn Nazi, I have not the slightest belief. But will the Gestapo persecute one who is the strongest prop of Capitalism and other wicked doctrines? It is my hope that Dr. Wodehouse will continue to live and work and be as well as can be expected and that he will use all his influence—which is great—to keep Jeeves alive and unchanged. That he will have "a dashed good stab at it, governor," we need not doubt.

THE OLD STAGER

The SINKING of the ITALIAN CRUISER "Bartolomeo Colleoni" by H.M.A.S. "Sydney"



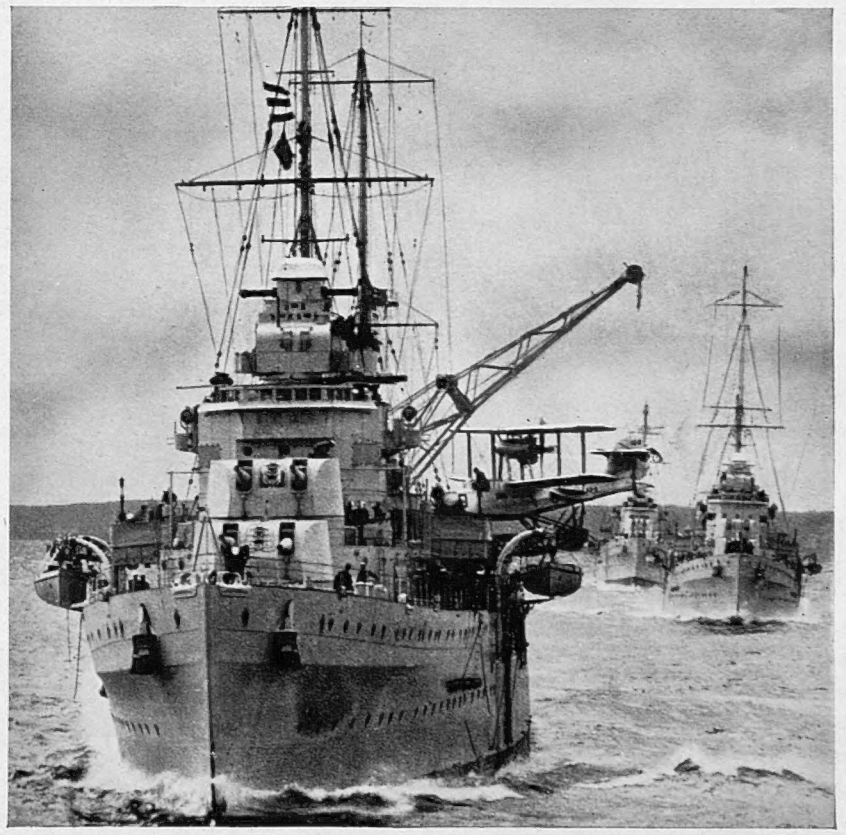
Drawn by Montague Dawson

BRITISH DESTROYERS CLOSING IN TO BEGIN RESCUE WORK WHEN THE CRUISER "BARTOLOMEO COLLEONI" BEGAN SINKING

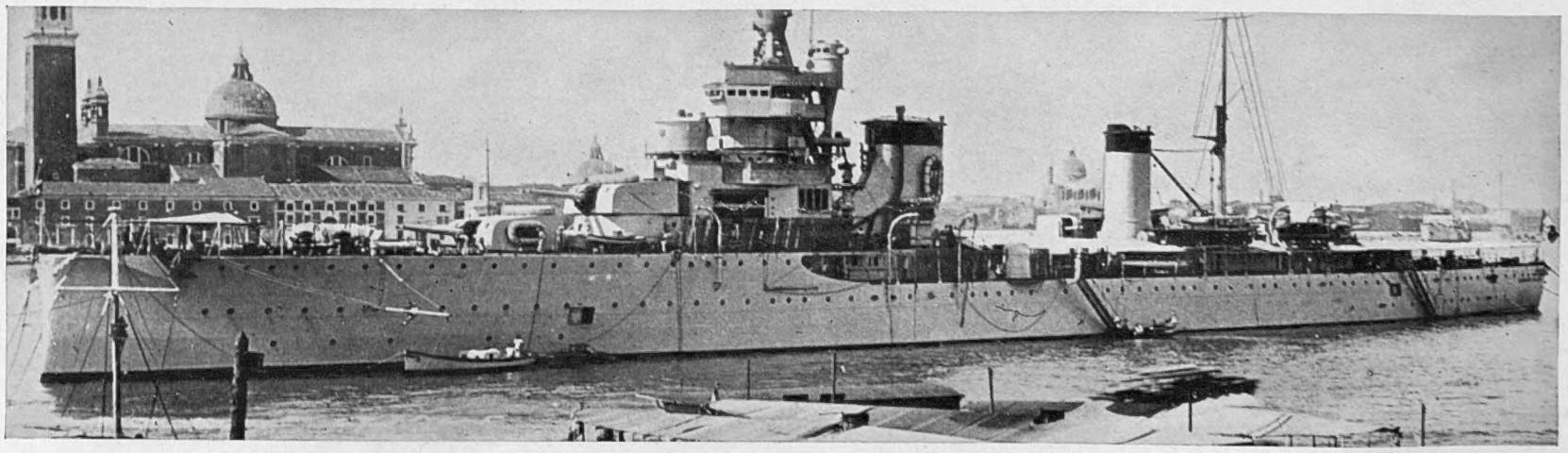
"Our patrols in the Ægean, consisting of H.M.A.S. *Sydney* and some destroyers, came into contact with two enemy cruisers of the Colleoni class north-west of Crete about 7.30 a.m. on July 19. The enemy was first sighted by destroyers, the *Sydney* arriving in support about an hour later. The enemy then altered his course south-westwards and endeavoured to escape. Our forces, however, made a determined attack, and the accurate fire from the *Sydney* caused vital hits on the *Colleoni*, which reduced speed, enabling our destroyers to complete her destruction"

AN OVERHEAD VIEW OF H.M.A.S. "SYDNEY" (6,830 TONS), ON WHICH THERE WERE NO CASUALTIES

The view shows the four bow guns of the cruiser which did such good execution. "Our forces," says the official communiqué, "rescued no fewer than 545 men from the *Colleoni*, including the Captain. Our ships were bombed by the Italian Air Force while carrying out this humane work . . . There were no casualties in the British ships"



A BOW-ON VIEW OF THE "SYDNEY," SHOWING HER CRANE FOR RAISING AIRCRAFT



A BROADSIDE VIEW OF THE FAST ITALIAN CRUISER "BARTOLOMEO COLLEONI," SUNK OFF CRETE

The Italian cruiser carried the same armament as the *Sydney*, that is, eight 6-in. guns, but the Italian vessel had the distinction of being one of Italy's speediest vessels. When she was commissioned she was reported to have achieved the great speed of 40 knots, which should have enabled her to leave even fast destroyers behind when she so desired. The general appearance of her control tower was aggressive, according to *Jane's Fighting Ships*. The official narrative says, "the second cruiser [*Giovanni delle Bande Nere*, 5,069 tons] was chased and hits were observed, but her superior speed saved her from destruction"

M. LEBRUN'S LAST APPEARANCE AS PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF FRANCE: A record of a poignant moment at Bordeaux after the armistice between the Pétain group and Germany. He is seen leaving the cathedral after attending the memorial service to the dead who have fallen in the war. A priest and a civilian are holding two banners of local significance. Just behind on the wall is a notice to the French people, probably "the keep calm and dignified" one. The scene was evidently a most melancholy one

On right—**MEMBERS OF THE NEW PETAIN GOVERNMENT,** before they left Bordeaux for Vichy, stood for a two-minute silence in front of the big Memorial to the Dead in the 1914–18 war

INHABITANTS OF BORDEAUX ATTENDED THE SERVICE TO THE DEAD WHICH TOOK PLACE IN FRONT OF THE 1914-18 MEMORIAL

This was one of the few public functions at Bordeaux before the aged Marshal Pétain and his entourage moved to Vichy near the southern edge of occupied France. It is no wonder that the crowd of civilians who had been very badly served as to real news during the conflict looked downhearted and confused

NEWS of FRANCE

Scenes at Bordeaux and the French Legation in London

M. CORBIN SITS FOR THE LAST TIME AT HIS DESK IN THE ALBERT GATE HOME OF THE EMBASSY

M. Corbin is 58. He is here seen seated under a portrait of the Duc de Broglie, Ambassador to London in the early '70's and twice Premier of France. It was on June 27 that it was announced that M. Corbin would retire from his position. *Below* — Some sad faces at Bordeaux

M. CORBIN LEAVES LONDON ON A SAD JOURNEY TO A CHANGED FRANCE

M. Corbin has now gone to South America; he could not, clearly, represent the Pétain Government here. Behind are the trees of the Park on which he has looked for some eight years

TO REPRESENT FRANCE IN LONDON

M. Paul Morand will, it was stated at the week-end, be the agent of the French Government in London upon his return from France

CHANGE AND THE UNCHANGING

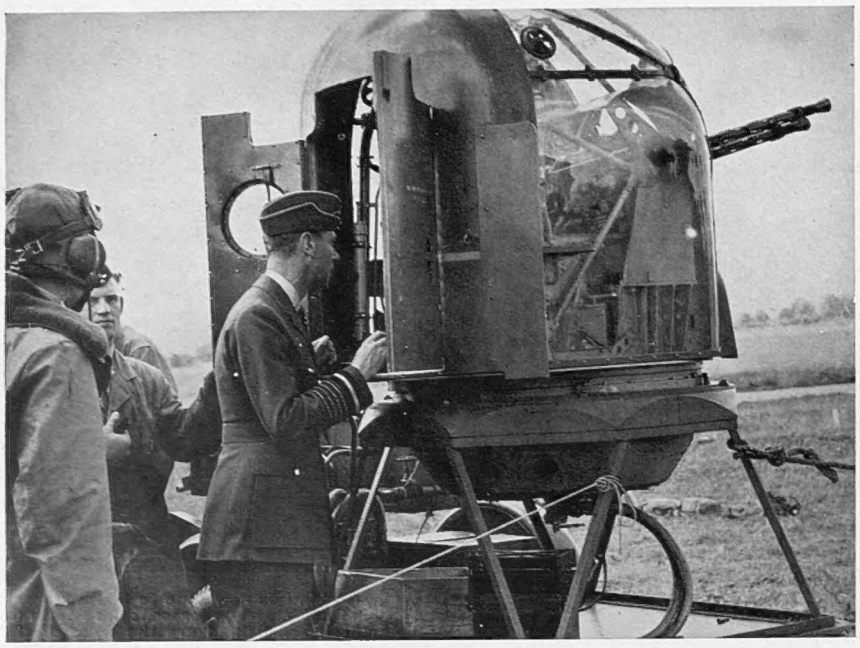
Bags of official papers leaving the Embassy. *Below*—A family group from the Legation, taken as the staff left London at the week-end

SOME DID NOT AGREE WITH THE PÉTAIN DECISIONS

A recent scene in London when the contingents of French sailors, marines and soldiers marched past the Cenotaph, being cheered by a sympathetic London crowd

A WEEK WITH THE AIR ARM

The Latest R.A.F. News in Pictures



FOR TRAINING AIR GUNNERS: During a recent tour of inspection of an R.A.F. Bomber Command Training Group in the south of England, the King saw this power-operated gun turret, mounted on a movable platform, from which the air gunners fire at clay pigeons as part of their training

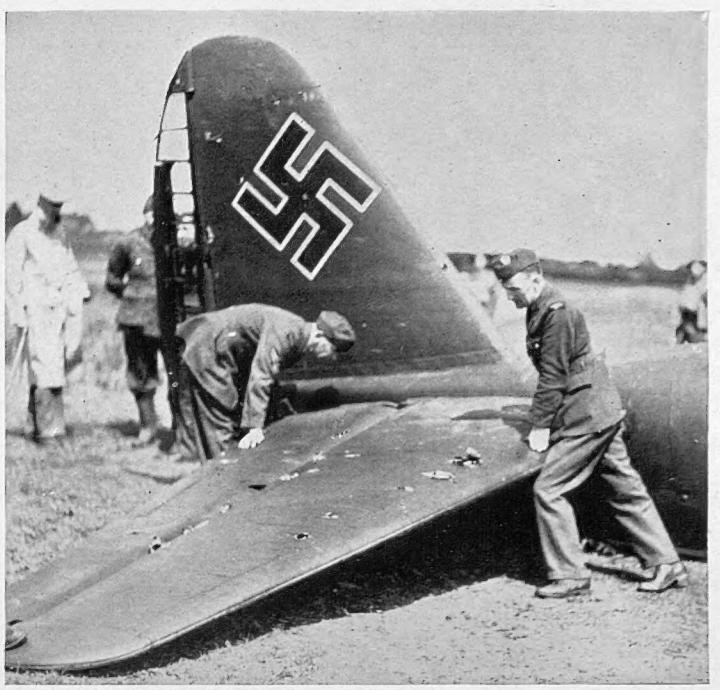
DECORATED BY THE KING: Sergeant G. A. Craig, who received the D.F.M. for gallantry during an attack on the German-occupied aerodrome at Oslo

FOR COURAGE AND DETERMINATION: Leading Aircraftman Fisher, wireless operator, receiving the D.F.M. Though wounded in the right arm over Bergen fiord, he continued to send messages with his left arm during the journey home

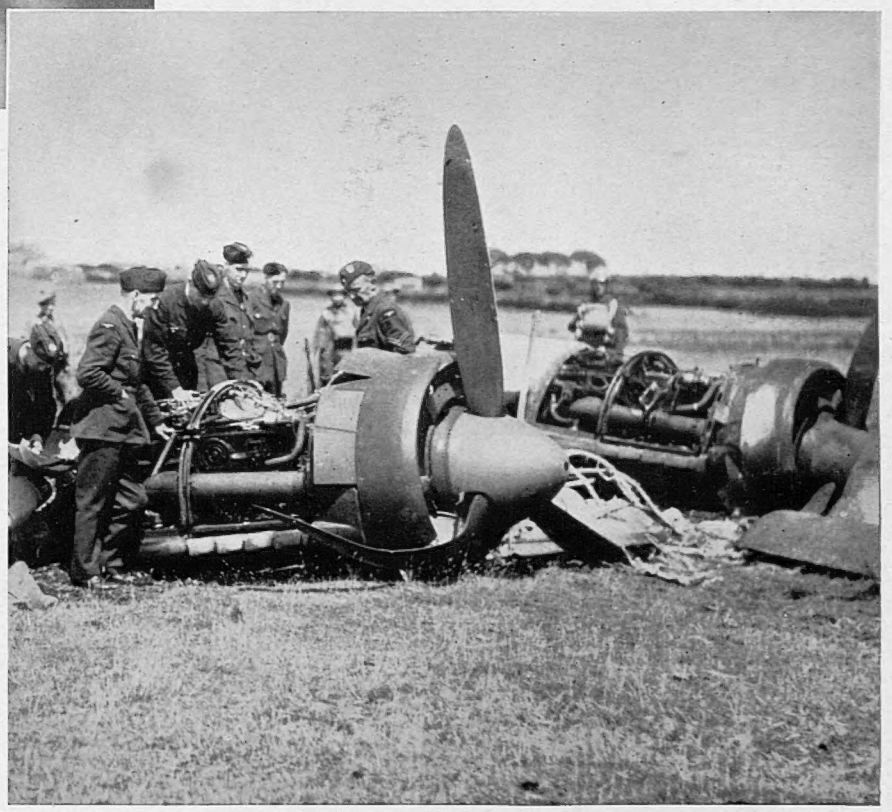
TRAINING DOMINION AIRMEN: The staff of non-commissioned officers attached to the Royal Canadian Air Force Initial Training School in Toronto. Many thousands of Canadian Air Force recruits pass through their hands

READY FOR THE AIR: The King inspecting air crews at one of the R.A.F. Bomber Command Training Group Stations to which he paid a visit last week. His Majesty made a 100-mile tour of stations in the south of England and visited five aerodromes. He saw officers and N.C.O.s undergoing instructions for bomber aircraft and saw every type of British bomber in use. He was accompanied by Wing-Commander E. H. Fielden, Captain of the King's Flight

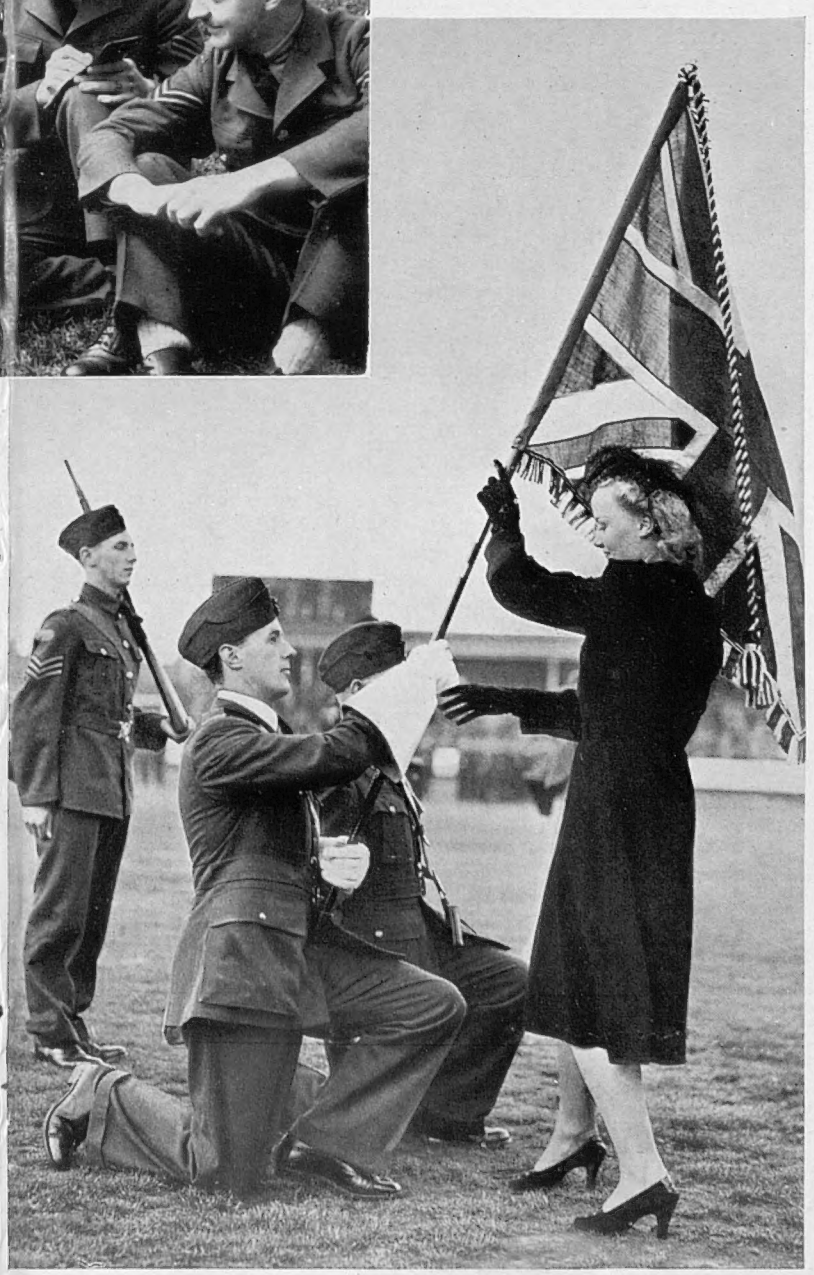
THE NAVY'S NEW FIGHTER: The Blackburn "Roc," a new fighter just introduced into the Fleet Air Arm. It is powered by a single Bristol Perseus engine and is fitted with a power-operated gun turret. No performance figures are disclosed but it is believed to be exceptionally fast



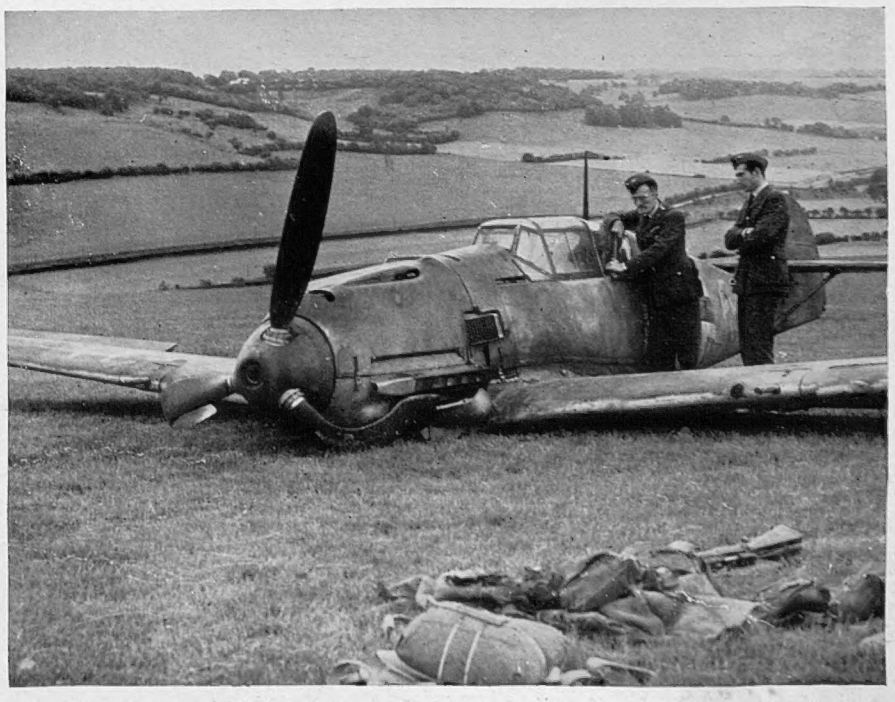
ANOTHER NAZI RAIDER MEETS ITS DOOM: Three short bursts from British fighters finished off this German raider on the east coast. The crew of four were captured by soldiers as they landed



NEVER TO FLY AGAIN: R.A.F. experts examining the engines of the German bomber which crashed on the east coast. Bullet ridden and disabled, the machine broke in two as it crashed. Its tail is seen in the top picture



AS COBBER WISHED: Miss Joyce Philips, the girl who was to have married Cobber Kain, the celebrated flying ace, presenting colours to the 174th Squadron of Air Cadets at Belle Vue, Manchester. Shortly before his fatal crash, Cobber Kain promised to perform this ceremony himself

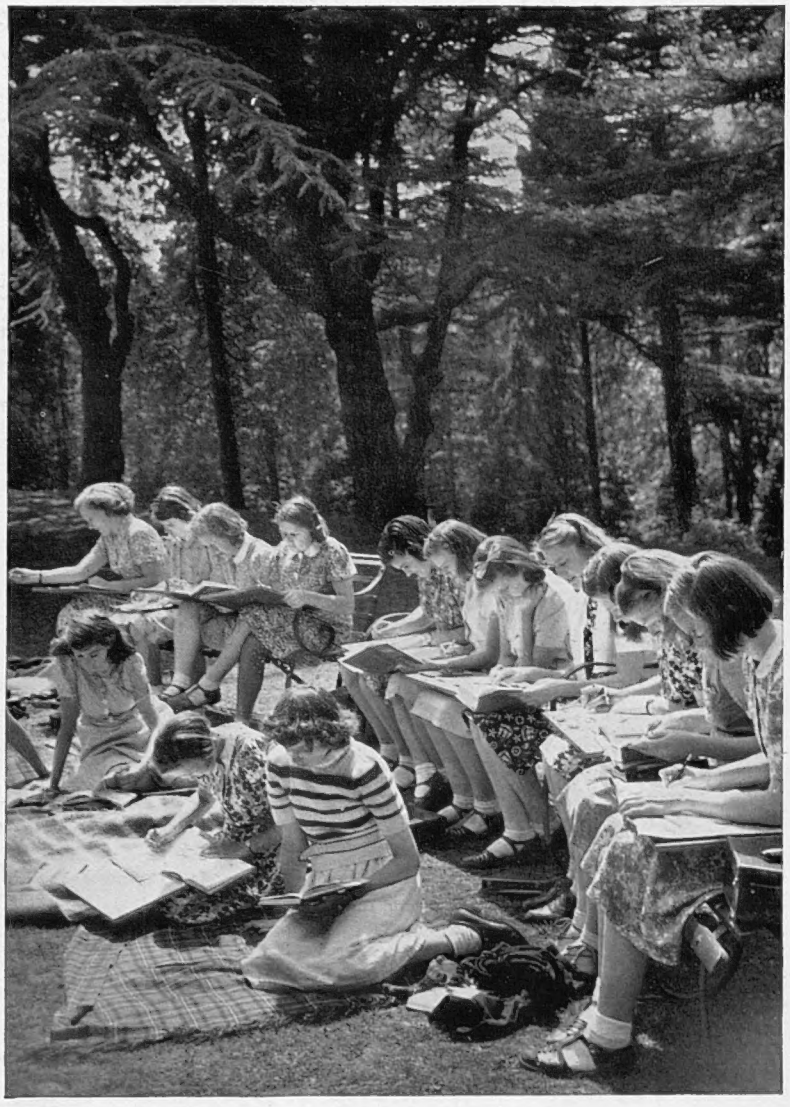


THE FIRST GERMAN FIGHTER TO BE SHOT DOWN IN ENGLAND: A view of the Me 109 shot down by British fighters after it had crossed the south-east coast. Air Ministry officials are seen examining the plane, which appears to have made a landing on its "belly" and thus remained remarkably intact despite its crash

The LIGHTER NEWS of the WEEK

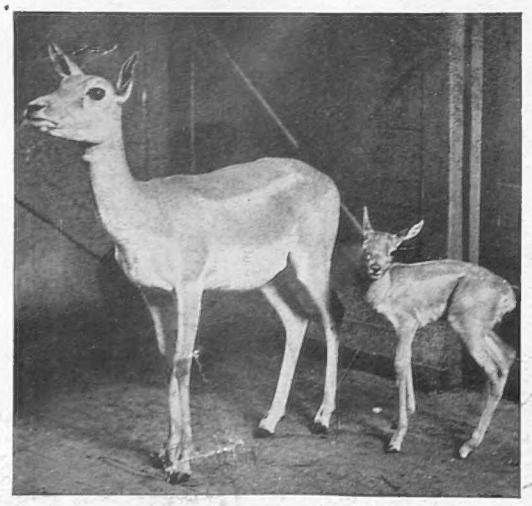
Evacuees at Work and Play; Holidaymakers at Blackpool

NURSERY CENTRES FOR LITTLE EVACUEES: Plans are nearing completion to establish centres equipped with games and toys in all reception areas where there are small children. The two little evacuees are making sure their names are down for admission



IN PEACEFUL DERBYSHIRE: Some of the 300 pupils of the Sheffield High School for Girls who were evacuated to Cliff College, Calver, at the beginning of the war. A feature of the life at Cliff College is the open-air lessons

LIKE OLD TIMES: A huge crowd of visitors strolling along the promenade at Blackpool. The influx of people to this famous resort is the result of the restoration of the "Wakes" in the cotton centres to enable the operatives to enjoy a short relaxation from war work



LATEST ARRIVALS AT THE ZOO: A baby Indian black buck, now a few days old, making its first public appearance with its mother. *On right* is an Indian wild ass born the day before the picture was taken last week. Neither of these mothers seem at all camera-shy as they proudly display their offspring

BRITISH NAVAL GUNNERY

CAPTAIN J. A. COLLINS, Commander of H.M.A.S. *Sydney*, which sank the Italian cruiser *Bartolomeo Colleoni* in the Mediterranean. The *Bartolomeo Colleoni* was claimed by Italy to be the fastest cruiser in the world

Just as the magnificent gunnery of the *Ajax* and *Achilles* triumphed over the heavy metal of the *Admiral Graf Spee* at the battle of the River Plate, so the gunnery of H.M.A.S. *Sydney* triumphed over the superior speed of the Italian *Bartolomeo Colleoni*, disabling her before she could get away. Considering that the designed speed of the *Sydney* was only 32½ knots, and her trial speed not much more, she could have had very few moments to get the range of the Italian which was designed for 37 knots, maintained 39¾ knots for eight hours on trial, and touched 42 knots. It is probable that when the full account is published, it will prove that a very large part of the credit must go to Captain John Collins personally, for he has always been one of the most enthusiastic gunnery men in the Australian Navy. After serving in the Grand Fleet as a midshipman he went through his various lieutenant's courses in England and, having developed a keen interest in gunnery, he chose to specialise in that branch. He had the unique distinction for a Dominion officer of having won the Commander Egerton Memorial Prize, which was established in memory of Commander Egerton, who was killed in the defence of Ladysmith in 1899. £500 was invested in Government securities by his family, the interest to be employed in providing a prize to be awarded annually to the officer who passes the best examination in practical gunnery while qualifying for Gunnery Lieutenant. The award is, however, entirely at the discretion of the Admiralty, which is under no obligation to award the prize in any year when it does not consider that the standard attained is sufficiently high.

CHEERS FOR CHURCHILL: The Premier, bareheaded, acknowledges the customary, but in this case most effusive, greeting of the men during his long and detailed tour of the Southern Command

THE PREMIER SEES FOR HIMSELF

Inspecting the Defences of the Southern Command

MET BY THE COMMANDING OFFICER: Mr. Churchill and Lieut.-General Sir Alan Brooke, C.B., D.S.O. (left), who has just succeeded General Sir Edmund Ironside as Commander-in-Chief of the Home Forces

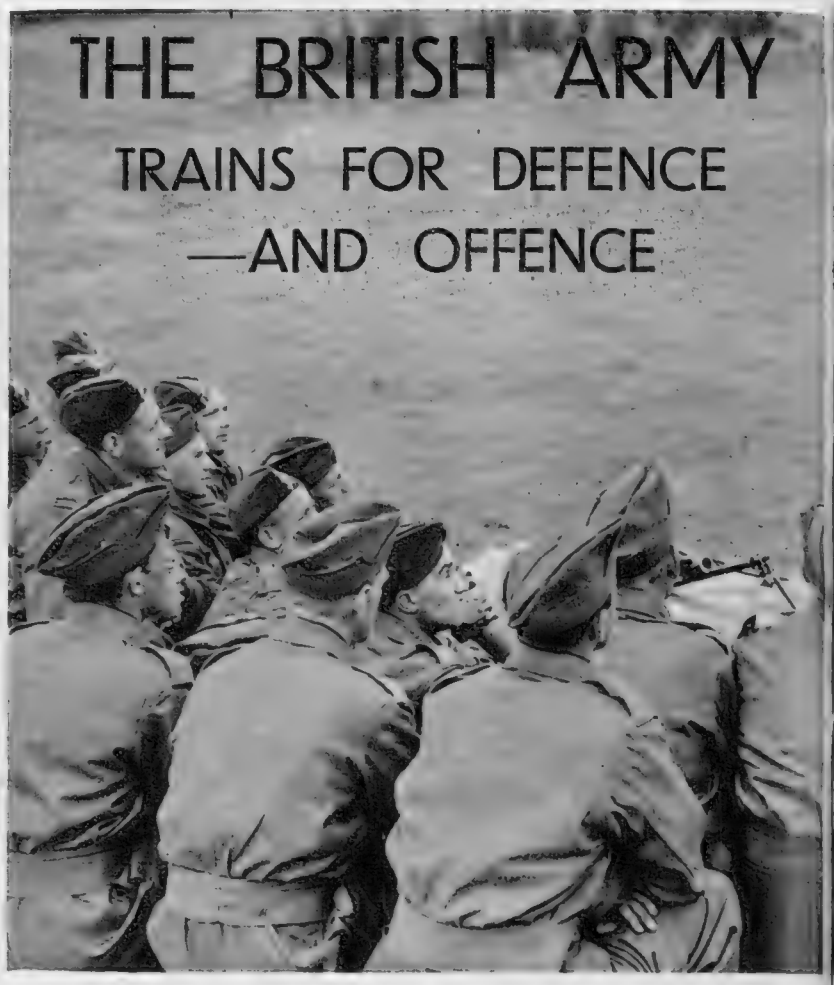
PRACTISING HIS OLD HOBBY: Unable to resist the temptation of brick-laying, the Prime Minister gave a helping hand at one of the many pill-boxes now nearing completion

IN THE BLOCKHOUSES: With characteristic thoroughness, the Prime Minister entered and inspected a number of blockhouses during his tour. In the picture *on the right* a soldier is seen explaining various points of the coast defences to him

b

THE ARMY TAKES AN ACTIVE PART IN PREPARING DEFENCES OF BARBED WIRE — These circular masses of wire are slender and tenuous-looking, but it is advisable not to try to rush them—one will be held up in a nightmare tangle. *Below*—The coils of wire are being spread out over a wide stretch of meadow land

THE BRITISH ARMY TRAINS FOR DEFENCE —AND OFFENCE



THE SERGEANT INSTRUCTS HIS CLASS IN THE PARTS OF THE BREN GUN — The Bren gun is simple in construction, yet it is necessary to become familiar with its various parts so that instinctively any adjustment or replacement can be rapidly made

THE VERY USEFUL ART OF HAND GRENADE THROWING — The instructor shows just how it should be done, the left hand open and the bomb held so. *Below*—The class put into practice the instructions which they have just received

MANNING A HOWITZER SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND

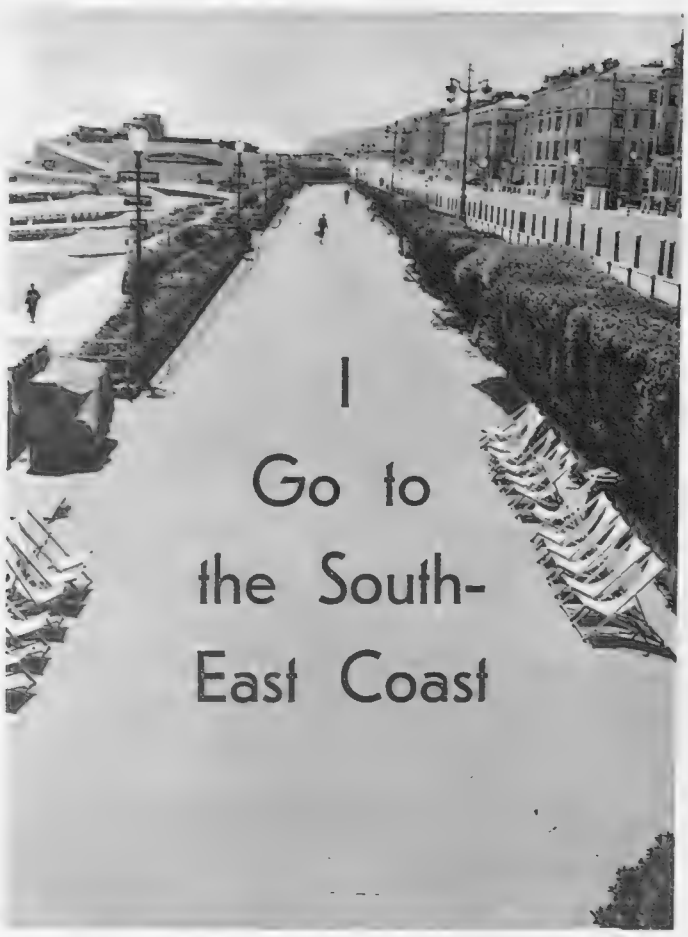
The Newfoundlanders are proving themselves excellent gunners. They are here handling a 9·2-in. howitzer, a weapon calculated to do some nasty work at the other end

A PATROL RETURNS TO A MILITARY POST—THE CORRECT PROCEDURE

This is how you advance towards the guard; the rifle is raised in the right hand and the left arm is also raised. *Below*—A platoon of Australian troops practise rifle firing from a trench

WHEN THE COLD STEEL FLASHES . . . THEN IT IS MAN TO MAN

The sight of gleaming steel, backed by the wild yells of advancing troops, will shake the nerves of the enemy as nothing else. This last resort of fighting does not appeal to an armour-clad enemy



DESERTED BUT DEFIANT: Here is a view of the empty promenade at a South Coast resort. It is now banned to visitors and any would-be invaders will find that the ban applies even more rigorously to them

Noel Thompson Discovers a Marvellous Sang-froid Among the Inhabitants of Britain's Front Line

A TERRIFIC "crackrrrumph" which seemed to last about three seconds hurled me out of my afternoon nap, and in a flash I was on my hotel balcony wondering what had caused it. It was not a bomb, and the low scudding clouds made anti-aircraft fire out of the question. I imagined that the whole of the South-East coast town in which I was would immediately have been agog. But on the promenade a soldier and a girl still sat talking as though nothing had happened. When I went down into the street a postman was cycling unconcernedly on his way. No one but myself seemed interested. At an hotel a hundred yards away a young woman was sitting in the lounge knitting, and only a journalist, who had been in the depths of the hotel and had heard nothing, showed a professional interest. A woman in a small house near by shouted a joke through the window to a neighbour and then retired.

I never found out what caused the bang. Certainly it was nothing serious, and I realised that I was showing a novice curiosity into what really did not concern me. For though this was a front line town where bangs have been frequent and he is rather unlucky who has not seen an aerial dogfight, there is never any excitement. A casual comment and everyone just carries on as usual. Of one thing, however, they are rather proud. A German aeroplane was brought down off their coast, and the pilot was rescued alive. It was he who gave that area the nickname of Hell Fire Corner, and the peaceable, quiet, holiday town of twelve months ago rather swells with pride at the thought that it has earned such a reputation.

And on the promenade the one bar still open has been renamed the Front Line Gluepot.

As the train rolled through the sunny countryside, it seemed impossible to think of war. Peaceful crops just beginning to turn, the hop fields, the orchards, the lambs, mocked the idea that 30 miles away hordes of the foulest enemy man has ever had to fight were stationed waiting. But there were few fields visible from the railway line that had not farm implements, wagons, tree-trunks, or ditches as obstructions to landing aeroplanes.

To my surprise no one at the station asked to see my permit or queried the arrival of the only two other passengers on what used to be the most crowded London train of the day. It was a fairly clear evening and I decided to walk down to the centre of the town. The first church I saw was open for prayer, but I thought the slogan on the notice board outside in large letters was invidious. It read, "If the outlook is black, try the uplook."

The main shopping street was crowded. In civilian dress I felt distinctive, though there were women in plenty bustling about, and the window displays, behind papered and partly sheltered glass, were bright. Barring the uniforms it might have been any ordinary day. And yet there had been a raid that morning and the evening papers carried the story. A little damage, one man killed and one or two people slightly injured in the town. An epidemic of influenza would have caused more excitement and conversation.

The first hotel I tried had been commandeered, and the next was full already, but the third had a room. They asked that dinner should be taken early and punctually so that the staff might be able to get away.

"I don't wonder," a friend of mine said, "that Charles Gardner got excited when he described the air fight on the wireless. To some people it sounded cold-blooded, almost frivolous, but there is something so terrific about it. You cannot help yelling anything, the louder the better, when you see a Hurricane or a Spitfire bringing down a plane. They seem so remote in the sky, swirling and circling, but then suddenly you see the square cut wing tip of a Messerschmitt drop and the smoking downward dive begin. Or if it is a bomber, you may see, as I did, the fuselage begin to glow inside, like a cigar, and down it goes to the sea. Although it is so remote you feel the elation of 'That's one less anyhow.' Human lives don't seem to count."

I missed by a few hours a dive-bombing attack on a convoy, but a sailor whose ship, like the others, had narrow escapes but was undamaged, gave me his vivid view of the proceedings. "There were about fifty Junkers 87's above us and they seemed for a bit to be circling round to choose their target. One aeroplane would suddenly go into an amazingly steep dive and I would say to myself that she's not aiming at us. It is surprising how slowly they seem to dive, too. We were attacked several times and usually they started to machine-gun before they dropped their bombs. They seemed only a few feet above the funnels before they straightened out. But they never hit us or did any damage. Our anti-aircraft fire had them rattled as we kept steadily at it and I bet they were thinking about our fighters waiting for them. I don't blame them either, they seemed everywhere. Mind you, in split seconds, it is very easy to mistake a seagull for a distant aeroplane."

It was getting near dusk, and the cheerful sight of a country inn not far away lured us. It was the sort of homely "pub" you might find in a score of places in England. Mother and daughter ran it, right in the front line, but completely unworried. The local policeman, off duty, was sipping his half-pint as he played darts. Two parashots, waiting to go on duty, discussed the crops. The likelihood of a raid that night was broached with the same indifference as the likelihood of rain.

Back in the town again for a quick round of the haunts. The front is deserted and dark, but in the streets the "pubs" were crowded. Darts everywhere. In some places cheerful sing-songs to the piano with the sailors of half-a-dozen countries joining in together in a raucous chorus. In other places there was the decorous drinking which is more typical of officers. Hit and dash air-raids left people only wondering at what time the raiders would come, but the subject soon dropped as of no further interest.

On my way back to my hotel the military asked for my identification card and permit, and politely passed me on with a warning how to avoid the closed area in future. In my bedroom I could hear the sea on the beach, which I knew to be defended against invasion by far more than the obvious protections I could see.

As a matter of fact, the anti-aircraft defences had been in action many times in the three weeks before I arrived. I am beginning to be considered something of a mascot, for in the three days I was there they were silent. The police assured me that the behaviour of the public was model—they calmly take shelter as naturally and with as little fuss as putting up an umbrella when it rains.

And if you think I have exaggerated in my description of a front line town, only 25 miles away from the enemy, I can only assure you first that I have not. And if you want the experience of a doctor in the town, here is what he told me.

"Allowing for the fact that some nervous patients have evacuated, I can honestly say that in the past three months I have had less patients with nervous and allied complaints than I should have had in peace-time. The morale of this town is 100 per cent."

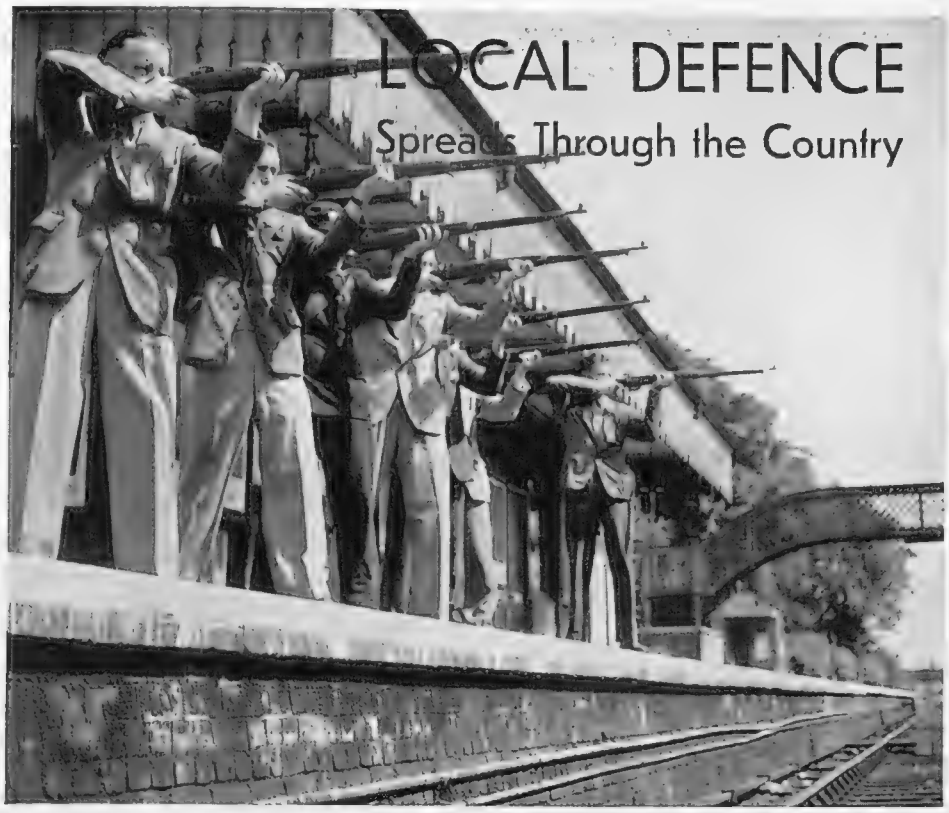
This is an important point, because I have found that towns which may have been visited by a lone bomber on one occasion are usually far more jittery than front line towns. It was the wife of one of the prominent citizens of such a "once visited" town who remarked to me that the A.A. guns had not opened fire. "We are calling a protest meeting to complain," she added.

The idea of that typical British gesture of dignified protest at injured civic pride appeals to me as an amusing thought in these times.

A FORTIFIED POSITION: It is the duty of these gunners, seen practising here, to keep a ceaseless watch on the sea and sky. Day and night these positions are manned by troops highly trained to detect the least sign of enemy approach

PERSIFLAGE POINT: To judge by the appearance of this barrier on a main road, it is evident that some witty member of His Majesty's forces has been busy with a piece of chalk and a sense of humour. It is with this sort of attitude that both civilians and soldiers of Britain's front line are facing the present situation

LOCAL DEFENCE
Spreads Through the Country



RAILWAY STAFFS HAVE JOINED THE L.D.V.s

Employees of the L.N.E.R. have joined the local L.D.V. corps and are becoming proficient in the use of the rifle. This little station has certainly never before witnessed such a scene as this

THE PARK KEEPERS HAVE AN L.D.V. SECTION OF THEIR OWN

London's park keepers are going to protect our open spaces from invaders and Fifth Columnists of all kinds

TO GAIN A SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE OF HOW TO STOP A BABY TANK

L.D.V.s are being coached by experts who went through the Spanish War in methods of disabling baby tanks. They are here marching to a Middlesex park

ALL KINDS OF WIRES DO ALL KINDS OF THINGS NOWADAYS

One should not run into a stretched wire these days. It may do something, after these L.D.V.s have fixed it up

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL'S STAFF ROLLS UP FOR AN INSPECTION

The L.C.C. can, of course, form an L.D.V. unit of great strength, and here are some of the members marching to an inspection. They are being trained by 1914–18 veterans. The L.D.V. movement has spread enormously since the early days of June when the scheme came into being and at once provided the outlet for which the public had been longing

A TYPICAL ITALIAN FORT IN LIBYA, WITH EMBRASURED WALLS AND A STEEL-BUILT LOOK-OUT TOWER: For several weeks past, operations have been successfully waged against two

AN ITALIAN CAR PATROLLING A PART OF THE BARBED-WIRE FENCE: This obstruction has been pierced by British parties crawling forward on their stomachs and cutting the wire sufficiently to allow raiding parties to pass through

WHEN Italy declared war upon France and Britain she was well aware that she must be prepared for attack in Libya and Abyssinia. She had therefore massed considerable forces in Libya with large supplies of munitions and goods and a sufficiency of water for some time. All further supplies would have to come by air, or risk seaborne goods open to attack by the Allied navies. Both entrances to the Mediterranean were guarded by the British at Gibraltar and the Suez Canal, cutting her off from sorely needed metals, petrol, wool and cotton. It is therefore necessary for Italy to attack as she cannot exist on her present supplies for an indefinite period.

The British forces in Egypt did not wait for attack but struck immediately after war broke out on June 10. Soldiers crawled across the sand, cut several sections of the heavily barbed wire barrier which extends for 250 miles along the Italian frontier and seized a small outpost.

On June 14 a vigorous assault was made upon two Italian frontier forts—Capuzzo and Maddalena. They were bombed by the R.A.F. and stormed by British troops led by light armoured cars and tanks. Eight Italian officers and 200 men were captured and a useful foothold was obtained on the frontier protecting Sollum and Siwa. The Italian naval base at Tobruk was heavily bombed on the 12th, the R.A.F. attacking in waves, getting in successful hits on a warship and two submarines in the harbour. British naval units also took part in the action, engaging the shore batteries, which did not succeed in reaching our ships. The Italian cruiser *San Giorgio* (9,200 tons) was set on fire. All the R.A.F. returned safely.

The Italians retaliated by an air attack on Sollum, a small frontier post, stretched out along the shore on the Gulf of Sollum. Two officers and twenty men of the Egyptian Frontier Force were wounded, and the barracks damaged. This incident was discussed by the Egyptian Cabinet who came to the conclusion that it was not of sufficient importance to enforce a declaration of war, as the Frontier Force is not a military one, having only police duties. Mersa Matruh received a bombing raid from the Italians on the 15th, when some casualties resulted.

A serious attack was planned by the Libyan forces on Sollum for June 16, when armoured forces with twenty-four tanks were assembling on the frontier. As this gathering had been seen, the British sent a detachment to deal with it, resulting in complete discomfiture of the enemy, who lost twelve tanks, six guns and two senior officers, with 600 troops, many of whom were armed with old rifles.

On June 16 came the collapse and defection of France and although the situation in Algeria and Tunis remained obscure, it relieved the Italian forces from any immediate threat on the west. This meant a certain curtailment of British activities and the expansion of guerrilla warfare. Day after day the British desert patrol of armoured cars penetrate into the Libyan desert and dominate the eastern frontier from the Mediterranean to Jarabub, which unfortunately was ceded to Italy in 1925. Many small tank battles have taken place, in which our men have shown ability to master the much-vaunted Libyan forces.

This desert warfare presents many difficulties at this season of the year, when the heat is absolutely scorching, and the high wind produces constant sandstorms, but the British forces are full of cheerful confidence and bear their troubles with smiles. The Italian morale, on the other hand, is definitely low.

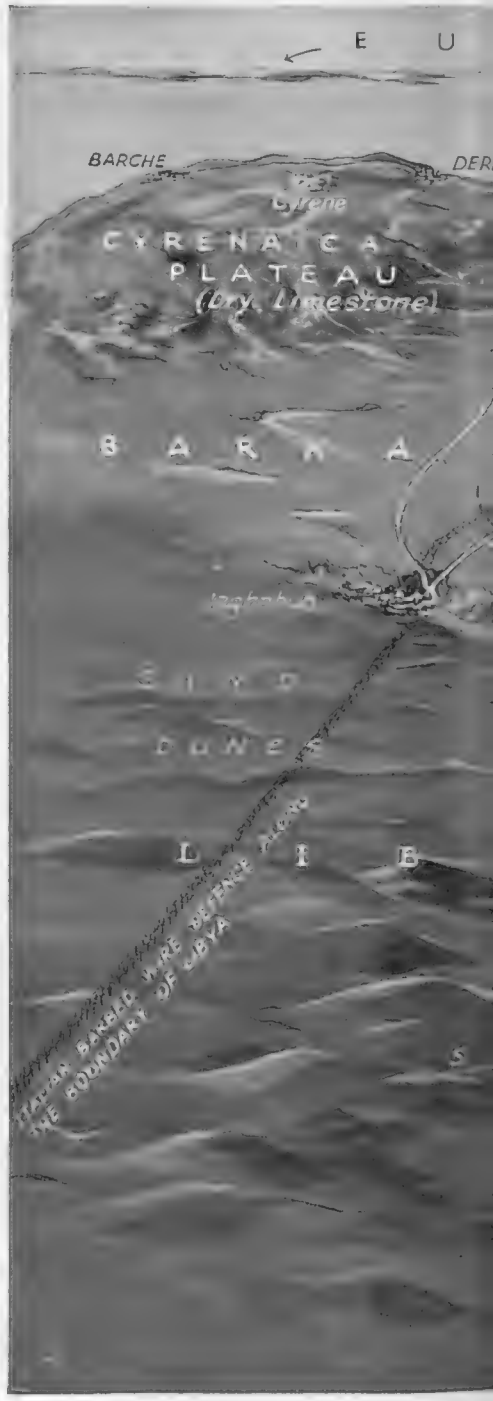
The great severity with which the Arabs were treated by the Italian authorities during and after the conquest of Libya has had its reactions in the present conflict. Now, under the enforced black-out in the towns, many officers and men are discovered by their comrades lying dead, having been knifed by some unseen opponent. The Arabs remember how they were driven from their grazing grounds to desert areas. Their flocks of sheep, once numbering some 800,000, have been reduced to 98,000, and of their 75,000 camels they can only muster about 3,000.

Marshal Italo Balbo, the Governor of Libya, met his death on June 29 in an air crash, which the Italian Government announced took place during an air battle, a statement denied by the R.A.F. Whatever the mystery of his spectacular end, the authorities gave prompt orders for appropriate mourning, and rapidly dispatched Marshal Graziani, the well-known "pacificator" of Abyssinia, to take his place.

Graziani has gained a reputation as a ruthless governor. Since his appointment larger forces have been employed but so far without very conspicuous success. On July 4 they were repulsed in an effort to take Sollum.

Fort Capuzzo has been re-occupied by the Italians, a feat which has so delighted Mussolini that a medal has been struck to celebrate it. The fort is now suffering from British guns which shell it day and night, while the convoys bringing stores are receiving terrible punishment. The pipe-line bringing water from the coast has been cut, making the life for the defenders of the fort far from enviable. On Thursday of last week it was reported that a British raid in the neighbourhood of Fort Capuzzo resulted in the capture of some Italian guns; a transport column on the way to the fort was shelled, eleven lorries and a number of troops being put out of action. The weather is furiously hot and the sandstorms are frequent, so that any big attack upon Egypt is not very likely to take place before the winter.

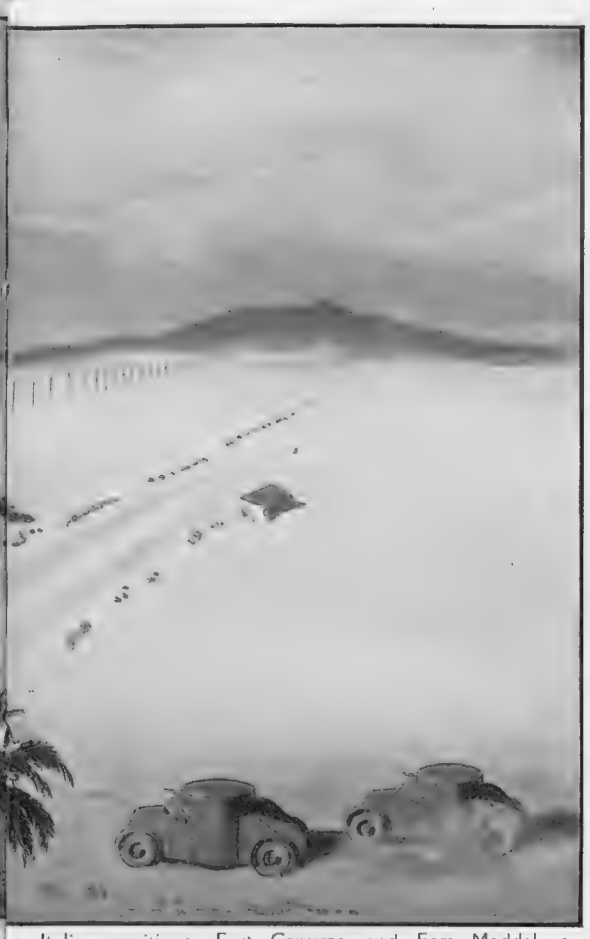
In the meantime the R.A.F. are busy attacking aerodromes, petrol and ammunition dumps, and army depots with such success that the aerodromes near the Egyptian frontier can scarcely be used, and the Desert Patrol maintains a ceaseless watchfulness, dashing into Libya, penetrating some 40 miles or so, spying out all movements, striking where possible, and on all occasions proving themselves superior to the Libyan troops they have met. Up to July 12 the Italians had lost 100 planes and our R.A.F. have won complete air superiority, their planes being superior to the Italians', who have not been able to prevent severe attacks upon their supplies, while inflicting very little damage upon our bombers.



THE SCENE OF ACTIVE LAND OPERATIONS I and British are taking place at the western en From the south there approaches the great sea c further sand dune masses occur, ever movin

THE WAR FRONT IN AFRICA

The Operations Against the Italian Frontier Forts, Which Have Been Carried Out Under Conditions of Great Heat



Italian positions, Fort Capuzzo and Fort Maddalena, and a number of smaller positions in the coastal area

BRITISH ARMOURED CARS COMMUNICATE WITH PLANES IN THE DESERT: The close co-operation of the R.A.F. with the land forces enables the latter to track down and cut off the enemy parties attempting to relieve certain posts. Messages are picked up from a wire stretched between two posts. The R.A.F. have been persistently bombing Tobruk and adjacent points. It is said that the still air of the open desert favours the defences, and both British and Italian raiders often fly out to sea and cross the coast when in the vicinity of the target

AFRICA: The present war operations between the Italian of the Libyan plateau which rises to 500 ft. above sea level, golden sand dunes and here and there to the east, but never dissipated. In the centre of the scene is the Qattara depression stretching from Moghara Oasis to Siwa, a place of interest historically and for its welcome shade and water. As one advances south, the military activities have diminished in intensity and importance. There is a more or less fixed front on both sides of the frontier according to an account published last week. The Cyrenaica limestone plateau is so porous that the danger of water shortage is permanent

A DEEP GULLY CUT INTO THE DESERT SURFACE, SEEN BY MOONLIGHT

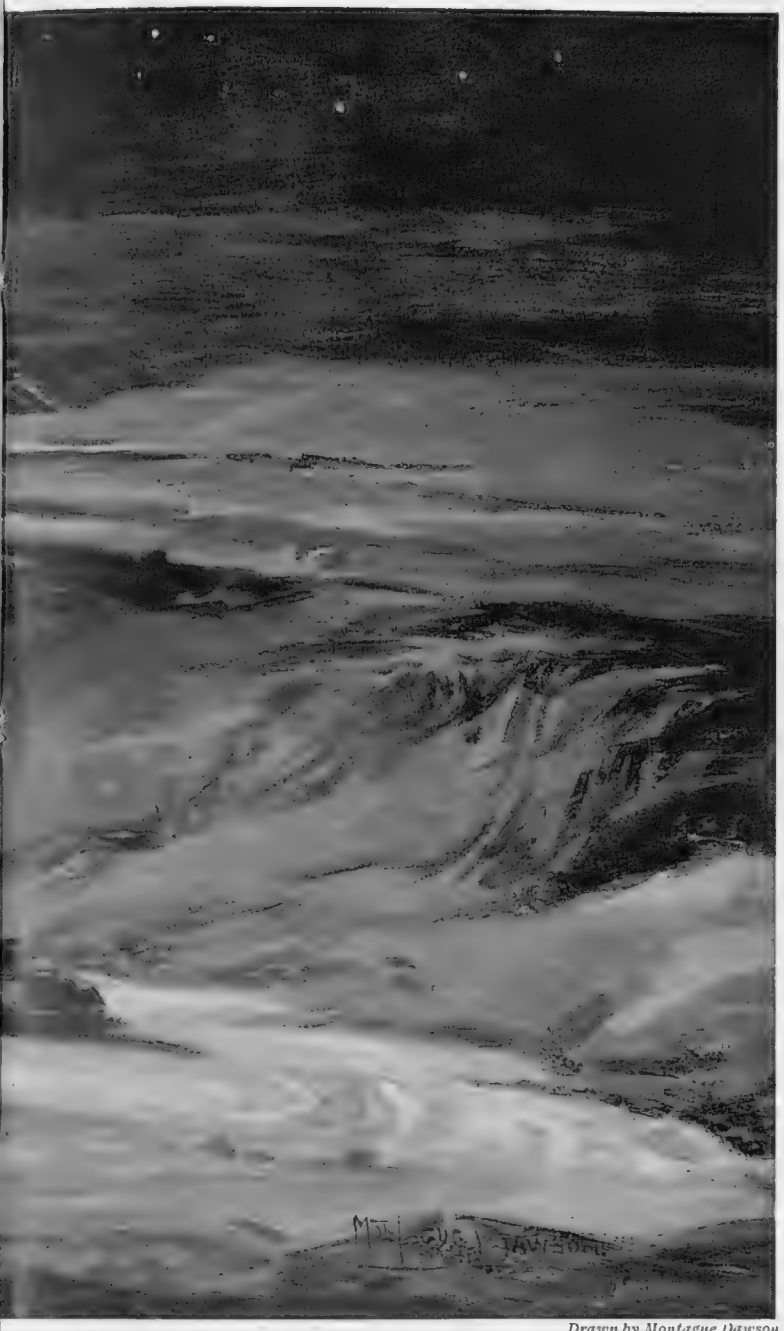
FLAT-TOPPED HILLS SPRING SUDDENLY FROM THE GENERAL LEVEL OF THE DESERT: The strata underlying the desert surface is generally horizontal, and where these sudden hills occur the harder capping on the summit is often as level as a ruler to the distant eye. A few inches of golden sand may overlay the slate-blue of the rocky floor on which these meharistes of the Italian Libyan desert are riding. *Below* is a picture of one of the many salt or brackish lakes in the big oasis depression of Kufra, now an advanced Italian air post. Palms fringe these shallow expanses of water

The features of the Libyan plateau and its imm e
across which the road from Alexandria runs to M
where dry watercourses pierce the surface. He
stars. Over all may blow a fine grit or pow e
great waves of the sand dune areas, rising in s
lost from a convoy in a few minutes. It

HOW A CAR NEGOTIATES THE DIFFICULT H
possible for some time to make fairly rap d
high walls of sand rising, say, from 100 ft. to
exact direction one desires to take; the driv
across a stretch of heavy sand country and t

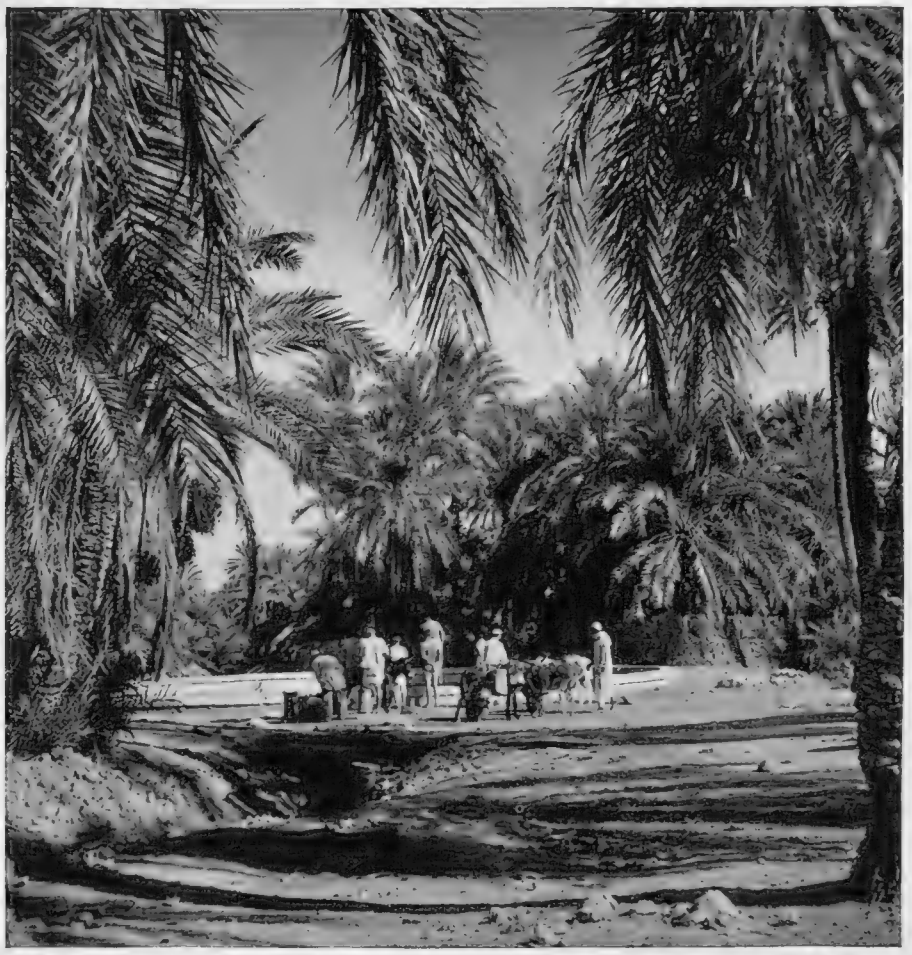
WAR on the AFRICAN SEABOARD

The Strange and Varied Features of the Desert Plateau Country which Stretches Along the Mediterranean Coast



Drawn by Montague Dawson

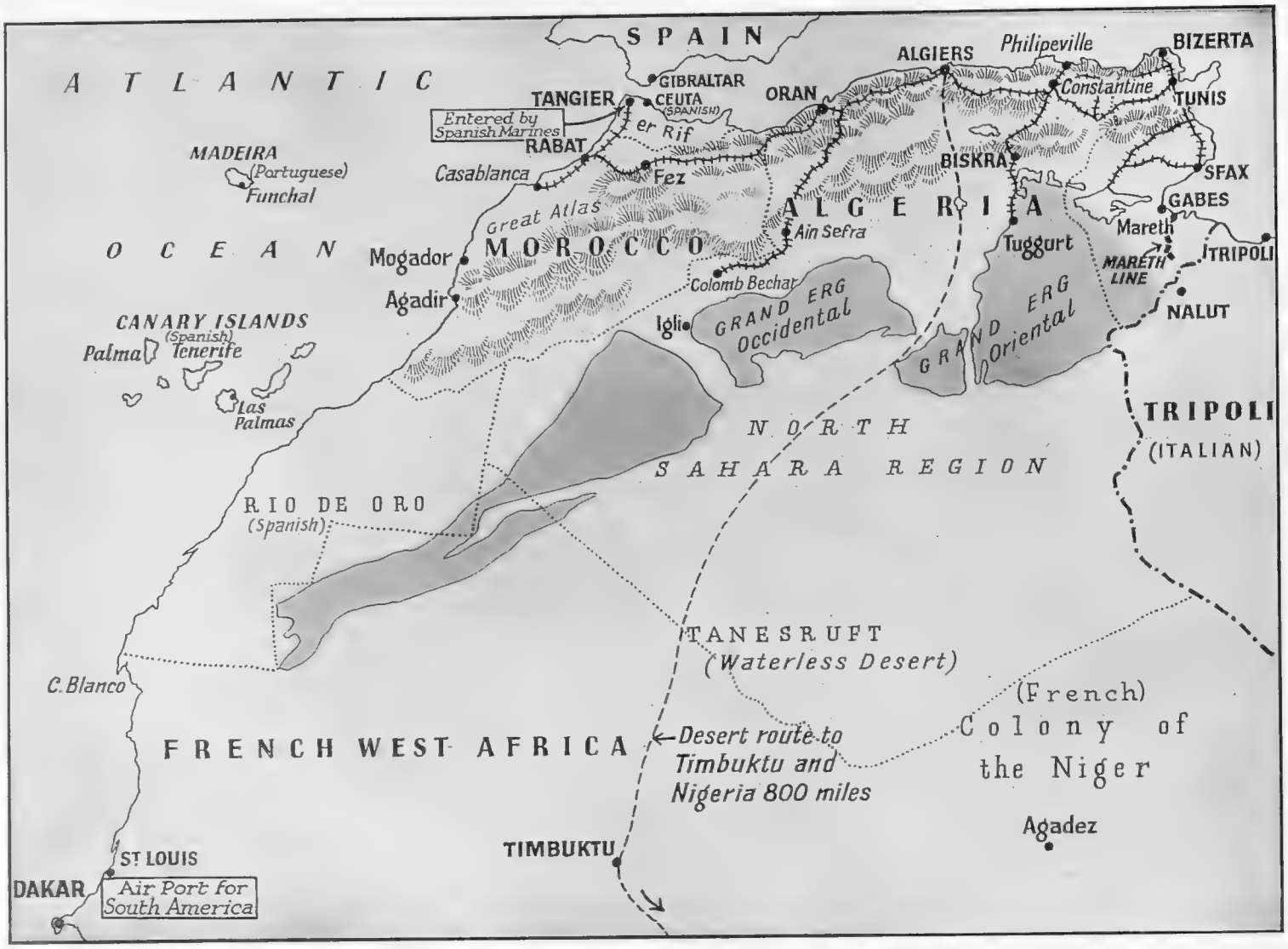
ediate surroundings vary sometimes in striking fashion. The flat stony stretches Mersa Matruh and beyond towards Sollum will give way to more rugged scenery ere, above, the artist shows a deep cutting lit by the moon and the glittering ering of yellow sand, but it is only in defined areas that one encounters the some cases from 100 ft. to 150 ft. in height. In the dune country one can be very necessary to know the country and to have a good sense of direction



THE WELCOME SHADE OF SIWA OASIS: Siwa, with its splendid palms and constant water supply in numerous wells, lies close to the scene of military operations. The oasis has its own village and native population. A young Siwan girl is shown here *on the left*. Siwa can be approached across the flatter stretches of desert nearer the coast; farther south one encounters what are known as the "longitudinal" dunes which stretch from the direction of Moghara to Siwa itself. They are affected by the prevailing winds but the grains which form them have a remarkable tendency to keep together as a definite body. The sand sometimes takes the form of a long wave four miles wide by 400 miles in length. Vide the Abu Moharik range

Drawn by V. L. Danvers

GH DUNES IN THE LIBYAN FRONTIER AREA: It may be progress down what are known as "streets" between the 150 ft. in height. But these "streets" may not run in the ver or "navigator" in the car steers a course by tacking hen once more picking up a "street." There is always the long slope and the steep face to a dune; in this case the car is being run up the long gradual rise to the steep eastern slope. If it is a "soft" dune the car must be rushed up and over the crest and slide down the steep slope in a glissade, which may turn the car over until the knack of steadying it is learnt. When the hard patch is reached the process is repeated until the desired "street" is reached and rapid progress is once more possible. Keeping one's car from being bogged up to the axles in fine sand is an art in itself



WAR

The Fate of a Great Coastal Territory from Morocco to Egypt

On left—The immediate future of this huge area, Tunisia, Algeria, Morocco, and the Sahara to the Atlantic seaboard, hangs in the balance. After the first determination of the Colonial Commander to fight on, no news came from the French colonial possessions. Silence fell on the whole of this area. The defence line of the French was inside the Tunis-Libyan frontier at a position running from Mareth to Douirat. Southwards the country was impossible for fighting—any conflict, it was said, would be settled on this Mareth line. And a turn of the wheel might bring this line to life.

THE STORY OF AN ANGLO-EGYPTIAN BASE

How Mersa Matruh, Once A Busy Roman City, Has Sprung Into the News After a Sleep of Nearly 2,000 Years

AFTER nearly 2,000 years of oblivion the little Libyan port of Mersa Matruh—once a thriving Roman city and then merely a mark on the map—has come into the limelight once again, for it is now being used as the advanced base of the Anglo-Egyptian forces stationed west of Alexandria. With the signing of the Treaty with Egypt in 1936, which allowed for the increase and mechanisation of the Egyptian Army, it became obvious that some desert military station must be formed where the allied forces might train together and learn something of the areas over which they might be called upon to fight, and Mersa Matruh, which lies some 200 miles west of Alexandria, has been selected for this purpose. The choice was a particularly happy one, as though Mersa Matruh is in the desert it has an ideal climate, and in the days of the Roman Empire, when this part of the world was the granary of Rome, many wealthy Roman citizens had seaside villas on the lagoon or along the neighbouring coast, for in the summer months these Libyan shores are far cooler and more bracing than those of Italy.

The lagoon itself, where the British Army is revelling in the most ideal bathing, is chiefly remarkable for the extraordinary range of colours due to the presence of rocks, white sand patches and great depths. Over the rocks the sea is a striking, vivid emerald; then in a hard line comes a streak of brilliant, almost unreal, turquoise where the white sand lies; and the remainder of the stretch of water over the deeps is a most intense ultramarine.

In Roman days Paraetonium, as it was called, was the capital of the nome of Libya and was a harbour of some importance, as the small land-locked lagoon, which will take vessels up to 3,000 tons, was admirably suited to the shipping of those days. There was much trade with Rome, for this northern Libya was then a prolific corn-growing area, and from its vineyards came the Mariut wine which was famous all over the Empire. Cleopatra had a villa at Matruh, the ruins of which with its tesselated pavement are still to be seen, and it is said that it was here that she entertained Antony Cæsar in the days when he and Octavius were manœuvring for the lordship of the Eastern Empire. At the banquet she spread in his honour she gave him Mariut wine to drink in which a string of pearls had been melted, and this is very definite proof of its potency, if not of its potability.

After the Arab invasion in the seventh century Mariut and Mersa Matruh went back to desert, and sand and drifted dust heaped up on the ruins of the buildings. For centuries it remained a sort of no-man's land, but there is one interesting and quite forgotten episode in connection with Mersa Matruh which occurred in the year 1805, and which goes to prove that in those days the United States would not tolerate interference with her trade whether it was in a war zone or not. Owing to the fact that practically the whole of Europe was then engaged in hostilities among themselves, the pirates of Tripoli became such a menace to shipping that America resolved to deal with the matter herself. General William Eaton, who was then United States Consul in Alexandria, was given a small detachment of those ubiquitous marines that Uncle Sam uses to keep the flag flying in distant places, and he augmented the force with some locally-enlisted Egyptians. He marched the 520 miles across the desert by way of the coast, laid siege to Derna, and eventually captured the city from Youssef, the Pasha of Tripoli.

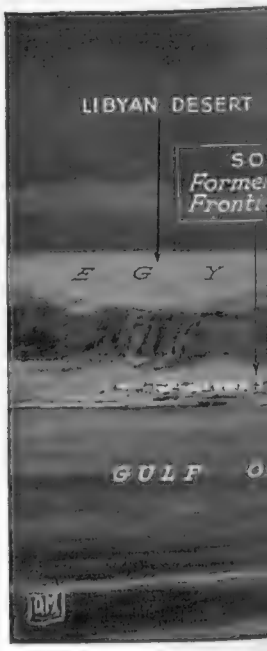
Very little remains now of the past prosperity of Mersa Matruh and the surrounding country, for to-day it is the wandering place of the Beduin nomad, and though on every side one sees evidence of past civilisation and occupation, the land is now to all intents and purposes desert. Along the coastal belt, which experiences a heavy rainfall in the winter months, the Beduin cultivates in scattered patches his winter barley, and of recent years the Egyptian Government has attempted to revive the vine and olive growing industry, but compared with that which pertained in the past, when farmhouses and orchards covered the whole of the coastal area, one may say that the soil is merely scratched to-day. The factors that caused this prosperous land to turn into a semi-desert are something of a mystery, for experts give it as their opinion that the rainfall has not decreased to any marked extent since the dawn of Christianity.

It may be due to earthquakes and an alteration in levels that have turned the subsoil water from fresh to slightly brackish, or possibly to the depredations caused by the goats and camels of the nomad Beduin, who have had their own way there for 1,600 years. When one has seen the havoc created by one Beduin flock in a week it is not difficult to believe that centuries of uncontrolled grazing could turn a thriving land of vineyards into a desert. It was a bad day for the cultivated areas of the East in Arab hands when some holy man of the faith gave utterance to the injunction which runs, "Loose your camel and trust it to God."

SOME TYPICAL DESERT COUNTRY where a conflict between French colonial forces might be fought out with Italian troops in the neighbourhood of the Mareth line shown in the above map of French African possessions

Much the same state of affairs exists farther west in the Italian province of Cyrenaica. This also in Roman days was as prosperous and densely settled as Libya, but when the Italians occupied it shortly before the last war it was in a state of semi-desolation. It is here and farther west in Tripoli that Signor Mussolini and the late Marshal Balbo made their attempt to colonise with peasantry from the over populated areas in Southern Italy and in Sicily. It is an enormous task, for the ruin caused by thirteen centuries of neglect cannot be repaired in a few years, and the scheme will have to be State-supported for some time to come.

For a short time during the last war Libya came into the news and Mersa Matruh became the headquarters of a British force in 1916 when a small party of Senussi Arabs under Turkish officers invaded from Tripoli. They were broken up by a charge of the Dorset Yeomanry at Agagir, between Matruh and Barrani, and, finding the coastal route barred to them, attempted an invasion by way of the oases of Baharia and Dakhla, but their forces disintegrated when our armoured cars cut their communications by occupying Siwa oasis.



Patrolling from Alexandria, Libyan Plateau. It was at would be completely con

in NORTHERN AFRICA

Mersa Matruh, which has been the headquarters of the Western Desert Province of Egypt, is to-day only a tiny village where a few merchants have shops and the inevitable Greek community do business among the Beduin and the local sponge-fishers. To the west amid the ruins of old Paraetonium on the shore there are extensive fig and melon gardens, but a few miles inland the cultivation ceases except for scattered barley crops in the *wadis* (dry watercourses). In this area the soil is a stiff clayey loam, thickly covered with desert scrub growing in the hummocks of soil that have collected round their roots. Some 30 miles inland the scrub ends, for one has reached the limit of the coastal rainfall, and here one comes to the real desert where the sand of Libya goes its own sweet way. It forms big seas of gently undulating downs, and it fills depressions, packs up on the lee sides of jutting hills, and rides up the faces of cliffs in long writhing tongues of gold.

In the heart of this great waterless waste are the five oases of Kharga, Dakhla, Baharia, Farafra and Siwa, which are cultivated and occupied areas that lie in deep depressions where artesian water flows to the surface. They have been populated since the early days of Egypt's history and were at the height of their prosperity in Ptolemaic and Roman days when the population must have been ten times as great as it is to-day. The reason for this is malaria caused by the enormous number of anopheles mosquito that hatch out in the swamps, and one can only conclude that this disease was not known some 2,000 years ago.

In recent years there have been several tragedies when small patrols have lost their way and died of thirst in the dunes. In the autumn and spring it is swept by sand-laden gales coming from the south, and the wind feels as if it had come straight from the mouth of a furnace.

It was one of these southerly gales that caused the disaster to the Persian army in 500 B.C. when 40,000 men marching from Kharga to attack Siwa were overwhelmed in a sand storm and not a man returned to tell the tale of the disaster.

C. S. Jarvis

ITALY'S SITUATION IN NORTH AND EAST AFRICA: Ethiopia has been cut off completely from Europe since Italy declared war. Libya down to the frontier peak of Uweinat is sheer desert

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MERSA MATRUH, the advance base of the Anglo-Egyptian forces on the northern shore of the Libyan plateau. The station became in recent times popular for sea bathing, a hotel on modern lines being erected here and the lagoon on the left providing excellent bathing

Drawn by Percy Home

A DESERT FORTRESS IN THE NORTH SAHARA commanding a wide area at El Golea. The route to the Tanesruft begins here—the northern fertile oases die away when the sheer desert tracts begin. The Tanesruft is unmitigated desert, the neighbouring territory of Air is scarcely better, and the Hoggar, with its striking hill ranges, only slightly less arid

HOW THE NORTHERN LIBYAN FIGHTING AREA PRESENTS ITSELF TO THE NAVY

the Navy sees the flat coastline backed by the rising ground of the one time foreshadowed by the enemy that this part of the Mediterranean trolled from Italian naval and air bases, but this has not been the case. The Navy has cleared a way for commerce coming through the Suez Canal and from Palestine and Egypt in spite of the enemy's very obvious desire to make this part of the Mediterranean "a closed sea." Advance along the coast would court disaster if it were unsupported by naval action

A FREE HAND FOR PROGRESS

Let Those with Competence and Experience be Freed from the Meshes of Red Tape—Especially in the Aircraft Industry

By CHARLES G. GREY (Founder of "The Aeroplane")

AS a keen student of bureaucracy I still fear that, in spite of Mr. Churchill's behest and the exhortations of every other minister from Lord Beaverbrook downwards, we shall not get into our full war effort until the civil servants, more especially the lower grades and temporary civil servants, are divested of their neat uniform of red tape and the obstructive power that goes with it.

Nowhere does this red tape tie people in knots more than in the technical departments of the Air Ministry. Not long ago a technical friend of mine went to a certain department on an important job. He said that the only person that he could find there was a civil servant who "knew the square root of damn-all about the subject." I make no apology to readers of this paper for the phrase, because it expresses exactly the opinion of the people who want to get ahead with the job of the people who obstruct them.

Take, for example, Lord Beaverbrook's gallant effort to make up the temporary shortage of aluminium. Hitherto the aluminium makers in this country have got the bulk of their bauxite, which is the basic material from which aluminium is extracted, from France. There is a lot in British Guiana and Brazil and there is much more in India. But shipping it from France was cheaper than shipping it from either South America or Asia.

Some four years ago a man whom I know was interested in developing the Indian supply of bauxite and everything was going smoothly when his financial arrangements were upset by rival interests. Presumably bauxite, like rubber and tin, pays best when the supply is limited and the price is kept up. Now those same supplies are being developed urgently, but while the stuff is coming through we have to make up for the loss of the French bauxite. Hence the appeal for aluminium houseware. All that could have been avoided by intelligent control.

The point is that pots and pans and so forth can be transmitted at once into aluminium sheet, whereas swarf, turnings, borings, and aluminium castings from old motor-cars and aero-engines have to be melted and refined and have all sorts of things done to them before they are fit to be rolled into sheet. And sheet is what is most urgently wanted.

These beautiful stressed-skin structures, as they are called, that is to say wings and fuselages (or hulls) of aeroplanes, have light framework and depend on the strength of their skins to hold them together, much like a lobster's claws, and they need sheet-aluminium by the square mile. And most of their internal structure is made of specially drawn or rolled or extruded channel sections which have to be of the same high quality. And much of it is a specially-treated alloy of aluminium called duralumin.

I don't question the high efficiency, or the weight for strength, of these duralumin and aluminium structures, but I know many experienced aircraft engineers who maintain firmly that they can build aeroplanes of high quality wood and steel tubing, which equal in strength and efficiency any stressed-skin aeroplane.

They further claim the advantage that if you put a few bullet-holes into a stressed-skin structure, the only way to repair it is by a long process of pulling out rivets, fitting new sheets, and riveting it all up again. Bullet-holes in a timber-and-tube structure covered with fabric can be covered with a fresh piece of fabric as easily as sticking on a postage-stamp. And in aeroplanes of which the outer surface is made of plywood, bullet-holes can be covered just as quickly and cheaply.

Another advantage, for the present at any rate, is that there is more aircraft timber in sight in Canada, particularly in British Columbia and Vancouver, than we should use if we built half our aeroplanes of wood for the next two or three years.

Towards the end of the last war we ran short of timber. Nothing but the highest quality spruce was allowed in those days, and even then makers were not allowed to glue it up in short lengths. Wing-spars had to be full length without splicing.

Consequently we threw away enough first-class wood in the first three years of the war to have built twice as many machines as we did. And we used up every bit of spruce within sight of rail or water in Canada. Now we know more about how to use wood, and we treat it with incorruptible synthetic glues.

Firms whose experience and competence is above question can build timber-and-tube aeroplanes as good as anything in the all-metal line. Some of them are building the best of our all-metal machines. If some of us had been allowed to have our way three or four years ago we should have developed timber-and-tube aircraft alongside the all-metal types and each would have been a reserve for the other if supplies for either ran short. But the little technical bureaucrats chose to gamble on the all-metal stuff, and now look where they are.

Happily there is no need to be anxious. But the idea that there is a famine in aluminium was likely to cause alarm and despondency, and if we had developed our timber-and-tube machines the public need never even have heard of it.

Whether the threatened *blitzkrieg* has started or not by the time these notes appear there is interest in considering the work of the R.A.F. round our coasts and over our country during the past two or three weeks. To have brought down a hundred enemy aeroplanes, and front line stuff at that, is good going. And with them the enemy must have lost between 400 and 500 specially trained men. It does not mean a high percentage of the enemy's output of new machines in the time, but it is a high percentage of the number of machines engaged.

Also, remember that the number of our machines in these scraps was small. When a few dozen enemy aeroplanes appear over the English Channel and try to sink some of the ships which are being convoyed by the Royal Navy and the R.A.F., the Coastal Command whistles up the neighbouring fighters which, regardless of odds, proceed to beat up the enemy bombers and escort fighters. But those fighters only come out of a limited area.

Obviously the main mass of our fighters, inland as well as on the coast, are kept ready to attack invaders of their own areas. Supposing, for example, a convoy were attacked somewhere off the Isle of Wight, the Fighter Command would be unwise to call its fighters away from Kent or Cornwall and leave the great ports on the South-West or the important towns of the South-East open to attack from France at one end, or from the Low Countries at the other.

Consequently, the attacks on the convoys have to be beaten off by quite a limited number of fighters from a limited area. And they have done it with excellent effect.

Meantime the great mass of our fighters is patiently awaiting the *blitzkrieg*. And here comes in another matter on which bureaucracy has to be rapped across

(*Continued on page* 128)

THE BATTLE OF THE STRAITS OF DOVER: A remarkable picture of the German attack on a convoy in the English Channel on Sunday, July 14. The raid was carried out by about forty dive-bombers escorted by fighters. Two bombs are seen falling astern of the escorting destroyer, which is vigorously replying with anti-aircraft fire, while hurtling bomb fragments dot the surrounding water. This picture and the one shown below are taken from a British Newsreel film

A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE: Another bomb aimed at the escorting destroyer falls some distance astern and sends up a huge column of water, some idea of the size of which can be gauged if compared with the size of the destroyer itself. The raid which, with the usual Nazi disregard for accuracy, was described by them in glowing terms, cost the Germans dearly. British fighters and gunners brought down seven of the raiders, while the ships carried on unharmed

IN EVERY FIELD WOMEN HELP

AS BUS CONDUCTORS: Training to be a girl conductor in a University city. *On left*—The L.P.T.B. are also engaging women to take the place of male conductors on certain lines

AS WINDOW CLEANERS: Certain large firms with numerous branches had their own window cleaners. Women are now replacing the men who used to do this work

AS GOVERNMENT MESSENGERS: These girls have a special trousered uniform with a messenger cap bearing the letters H.M.S.

AS FARM HELPERS: Two of a group of five girls who have replaced that number of men on a Sussex farm. They have come from quite a different sphere of life, being formerly models and mannequins. They are proving very adaptable to the new work they have taken up

AS WAR-TIME DISPATCH RIDERS: The rapid conveyance of messages may at any moment become a matter of the utmost urgency. Here is a member of the Mechanical Transport Corps seated on her machine chatting to a dispatch rider to the L.D.V.s—ideal forms of work for those who seek an open-air adventurous life

THE R.A.F. ARE WONDERFUL!

But Their Perfection Has Been Achieved Only After the Most Comprehensive Training

This Article, by JAMES ARNOLD, and this Diagrammatic Exposition by ROLAND DAVIES, Explain How Flying Training is Carried Out

IN all countries thousands of young men have yearned for a chance to learn to fly. As a result of the tragedy of war their ambition is now being granted by the State. More young men than ever before, in Britain, in the Empire, and in America, are wobbling their way round the sky while they learn to control their newly-acquired wings. Thousands of mothers and fathers are following their progress with anxious eyes, half-proud, half-fearful.

What do their sons find difficult? What do they find to be simple in flying? There is one complete answer to that. The things one would expect to be difficult are really quite easy. And those you would expect to be easy are difficult. For example, most people imagine that looping the loop must be a very skilful and hair-raising manœuvre. Actually, at a good height, it is very much easier than landing safely on the aerodrome—which looks so simple. That is why you can learn in twenty minutes how to stay up, but it may take twenty hours to learn how to get down.

Learning to fly is totally different from learning to drive a car. In flying you cannot practise at a walking pace; you have got to start at full throttle or you will never get off the ground. The flying instructor knows this very well and his first object is to instil confidence in a nervous pupil.

Having made it perfectly clear that you can have every confidence in the machine the instructor will walk you round the machine on the ground. It is a two-seater biplane of 100 h.p. and in each cockpit there are duplicate controls coupled together. There are three principal controls, the joy stick, the rudder bar, and the throttle.

The joystick (control column is the official name for it) moves forwards and backwards to make the machine dive or climb and it also moves left and right to bank the machine to either side. The rudder bar you work with your feet. Left foot forward to turn left, push right foot forward to turn right.

Speaking tubes are fitted to the headphones in your helmet and in his, so that conversation is possible. Having made yourself comfortable in the rear cockpit the instructor gets into his front seat, takes off and climbs to about 3,000 ft. You are then told to place your right hand on the stick, while the instructor moves it and you watch the effect. The idea is to keep the machine level by looking at the horizon, which should appear just above the nose. It seems to you that the horizon is floating about and the earth is rocking gently. It seems odd to realise that the aeroplane is rocking, not the earth.

After a quarter of an hour or so you manage to move the stick so as to keep the horizon still. Then you are invited to let go of the stick and put your feet on the rudder bar. You try to steer the machine straight for a distant mark on the horizon and when you eventually succeed, the joystick is given back to you as well. Now you are trying to balance the machine in all three directions at once, fore and aft, laterally, and directionally.

On the next suitable day, with a clear horizon, you try again for half an hour to fly the thing straight and level. And you perspire with the effort of trying to do something that looks quite simple.

The instructor will then demonstrate a gentle turn to the left, explaining that the machine must be banked to the left while turning, just like a bicycle. If the machine is not banked over enough it skids bodily outwards and loses flying speed. But if you bank it over too far then it falls inwards on the turn. Of course the sharper the turn the more bank is required. Naturally you put the stick to left, with a touch of left rudder, to go into the turn, but if you keep the stick to the left the machine will roll over on to its back.

After you have managed a few wobbly turns to the left, you then attempt gentle turns to the right. Sharp turns are not taught until a much later stage.

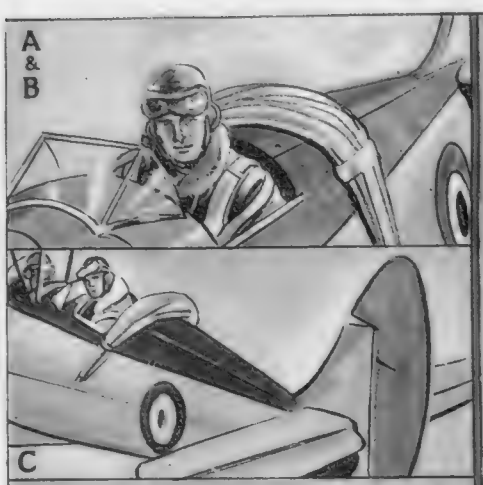
By this time you begin to think you are doing pretty well but the instructor then produces the next problem in the shape of "climbing and gliding." One would expect to open the throttle to climb, and shut it to glide down. That is true, but the unexpected event in this lesson is to discover the tremendous effect which the slipstream from the propeller has on the controls. Gliding down with the throttle shut they feel sloppy, while climbing makes the tail elevator and the rudder much quicker to respond. Can you imagine driving a car in which the steering is affected by the position of the accelerator?

Having made six or seven glides and climbs, keeping the air speed at a steady 65–70 m.p.h., the instructor will teach you gliding turns to the left and to the right; these are quite different from ordinary turns because the nose is down below the horizon and there is no slipstream.

If you do well, it won't be long before you are ready to attempt a take-off from the aerodrome.

By this time you probably think that you are a very good pilot. Little do you know what is in store for you next. Landings! Believe me, it is not until you have tried to land that you realise what a perfect nit-wit you really are!

Let me explain very roughly why it seems so difficult to you. The aerodrome, which is probably a quarter of a mile square at least, seems to shrink to the size of a back garden when you approach it at your minimum flying speed of 65 m.p.h. You dare not go slower or the machine will not answer to the controls and you will stall and crash. So you must glide at this speed, no more and no less, and to keep this steady speed you must hold the machine at the one particular gliding angle, no more and no less, which will produce this correct gliding speed.



THE SEQUENCE OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE INITIAL PERIOD OF 50 H

A. AIR EXPERIENCE
B. FAMILIARITY WITH COCKPIT LAYOUT
C. EFFECT OF CONTROLS
D. TAXI-ING
E. STRAIGHT & LEVEL FLIGHT
F. CLIMBING, STALLING & MEDIUM TURNS
G. TAKING OFF INTO WIND
H. POWERED APPROACH & LANDING
I. GLIDING APPROACH & LANDING
J. SPINNING
K.
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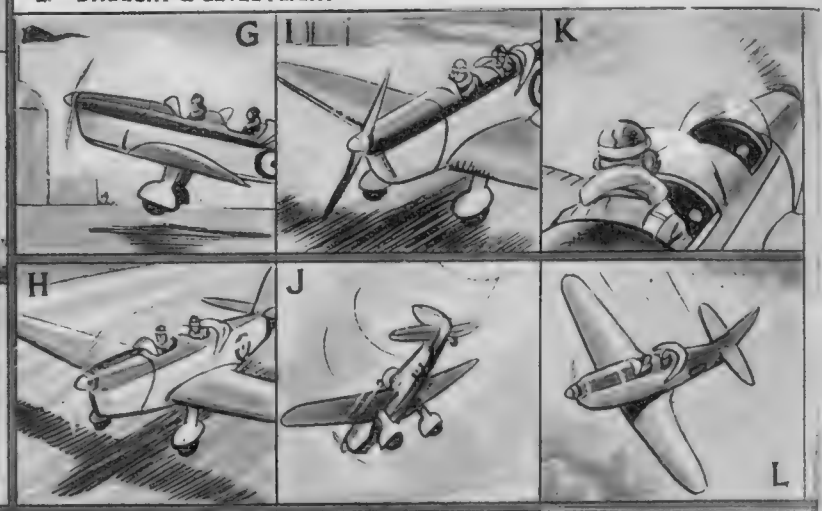
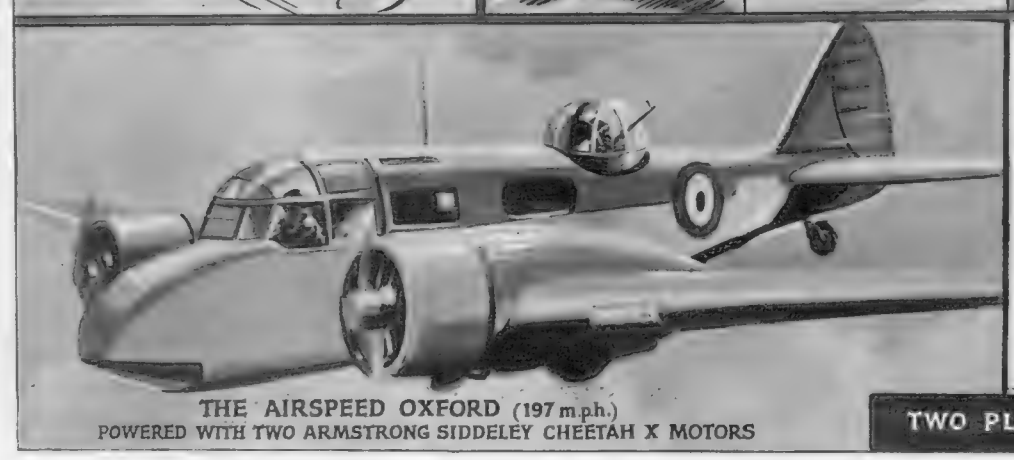
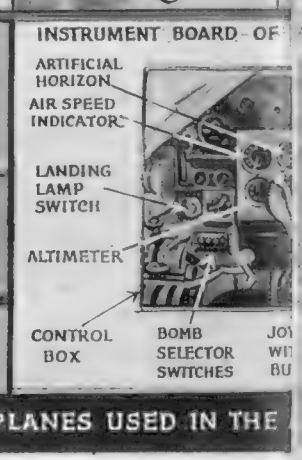






TWO PLANES USED IN THE

TEACHING THE MEN OF THE R.A.F. TO FLY—THE

It is said that a Pilot is made or otherwise in the first fifty hours of flying. In the R.A.F., flying and ground training advance side by side; in the above series of diagrams the various stages in the first fifty hours flying are graphically set down, together with pictures of the four principal training machines used in the R.A.F. to-day. The cost of even initial training is stated to be over £5 per pilot-hour. During initial flying the pupil must complete five hours under the hood (flying by instruments, that is, or "blind flying"), five hours navigation, and at least twenty-five hours must be flown with the instructor in the front cockpit. There are a minimum of complicated instruments on the initial training machines; but when the pupil is passed out to the more advanced trainers (Airspeed Oxford or Miles Master) just look at the instruments in the cockpit!

In his first flights the pupil will be taught on either a Miles Magister or a D.H. Tiger Moth (both are pictured in the *top centre*). The various stages in the pupil's initiation are detailed in their proper order. Having familiarised himself with the general cockpit layout, the effect of the various controls is then explained and he is encouraged to memorise their functions and position. Instruction begins with taxi-ing on the aerodrome—and this can be terrifying, with the aircraft wishing to take control and dashing about madly hither and thither, as the throttle is opened wide for the take-off. When flying height has been gained the pupil experiments until he can control the plane in straight and level flight, by keeping the nose fixed on some object ahead and the wings parallel with the horizon: then come climbing, stalling (that is, deliberately losing flying speed until the weight of the plane causes it to hurtle nose down to earth) and medium turns; taking off into wind, and power approaches. The next part of the training is the most difficult of all—landing the aeroplane in just the right manner without damaging undercarriage, aeroplane, or crew; this takes many hours of hard and continuous practice. Then, before the first solo, some experience of spinning—so that the pupil can gain knowledge of the causes of a spin and how to check it before it begins, so to speak. After the first solo the really serious part

COURSE OF INITIAL TRAINING AS FOLLOWED BY PILOTS TO-DAY

begins; now the pupil is taught how to master the aircraft in dead earnest and how to carry out the manœuvres he must perform in actual air combat. The importance of low flying will be generally recognised; steep turns for emergencies; climbing turns for quick ascents within confined spaces; forced landings for occasions when the engine fails or unexpected conditions make an immediate landing necessary—all these will be learnt. Under present conditions the necessity for knowing how to abandon the aircraft and take to the parachute, and what to do in the event of fire, will also be appreciated. Instrument flying is necessary for flying in cloud and at night; taking off and landing out of wind must be learned because it may not always be possible to land on a large and properly-equipped aerodrome; the method of restarting the engine whilst actually in flight must be mastered, and, finally, aerobatics must be comprehensively understood—both in theory and in actual practice.

The pupil will now have completed fifty hours of flying, as prescribed for the R.A.F., and he will also have a good knowledge of the theory and principles of flight. He will now go on to more advanced aircraft; up to the present—on the Magister or Tiger Moth—his speed in the air will have been around 100 m.p.h. (except, of course, in aerobatics). But it is essential that he now master aircraft capable of speeds well over 200 m.p.h., because the aeroplanes he will be asked to control in the Service will be machines of 200 to 350 m.p.h. Consequently, his advanced training will be continued on either the twin-engined Airspeed Oxford (and handling twin-engined aircraft is quite an art in itself!) or on the very fast Miles Master, which is powered with a Rolls-Royce Kestrel engine. When this further training is completed, the pupil ought to be ready for actual service.

It will readily be appreciated that, with training as complete as this, the pilots of the R.A.F. are amongst the best in the world. It will also be appreciated why their morale and technical accomplishment is so high and why they are, individually, so superior to the pilots of the German *Luftwaffe*.

So the first problem is to shut off the engine and start your glide from a height and position which will enable you just to clear the hedge. If you start your glide too high, or too close in, you will glide right over the landing area and hit the opposite hedge. If you are too low when you begin to glide, there is no hope of getting into the aerodrome at all. Once you have started your glide you cannot alter its angle.

After several attempts you will eventually succeed in making a good approach, and the next part of the landing is the actual touch down. When you are down to about 10 ft. from the ground, the stick is gently brought back about an eighth of an inch which will check the glide. The machine should now be flown level with the wheels about 6 ins. off the ground and the speed gradually falling away.

As the speed fails, the aeroplane tries to sink. You hold her up by continuing to move the stick backwards. Finally, when the stick is right back she should sink the last inch on to the ground and touch with her tail skid and wheels, all three points together—at about 45 m.p.h.

It is much easier said than done! Your first attempt will probably be perfect except that it is 10 ft. up in the air! So next time you are determined not to flatten out so high and then you glide straight into the deck. This is where the instructor becomes white-haired before his time! At each of your attempts to send him to an early grave, he takes the controls at the very last moment, opens the throttle and climbs away telling you in the most gentle of voices what you did wrong.

So round the aerodrome you go, time after time. After a while you cannot even make a decent approach at the right speed, the right height and dead into the wind. But the next day, if it is a clear day with not too much wind, you manage to do a little better until all at once you begin to get the knack. However, the landing speed does not trouble you much provided the aerodrome is big enough. The difficulty is to judge your height off the ground so as to fly straight and level a few inches off the ground until the machine is ready to sit down. If you try to force her down too soon she will only bounce off again because she is air-borne; then she will come down heavily after the bounce and break something. After all, a strongly-built motor-car would break its axles if you dropped it from a height of several feet.

If wind and sunlight are in your favour you eventually manage to land safely five times out of six. Quite suddenly, when you are just ready to start your umpteenth take-off, the instructor stops you, climbs out of his seat and says "You're all right! You can go solo. But not more than once round the aerodrome remember!"

Before you have time to be frightened, you find yourself up in the air—alone for the first time! Everyone will ask you what it felt like. But you've no time to study your emotions—curious though they are. All you can think about is doing a good landing. So you fly, with the instructor's patient voice still helping you in your imagination.

You must do three more hours solo flying before you can enter for your "A" licence test. This test consists of three parts, a complete medical examination, an oral examination on the rules of the air and international law, and the practical flying test observed by a qualified official.

The flying test consists of two parts designed to show the examiner very quickly whether you are capable or not. In the first test, you must shut off the engine at 2,000 ft. and make a good landing, coming to rest within 150 yards of a given point. Secondly, you must fly five figures of eight at a height of less than 500 ft. round two points a quarter of a mile apart.

So you can get your Private Pilot's Licence, but that does not make you an experienced airman. You still know nothing about forced landings; you cannot find your way across country and you have never landed in a strong wind or poor visibility. So if you are wise, you will learn these things.

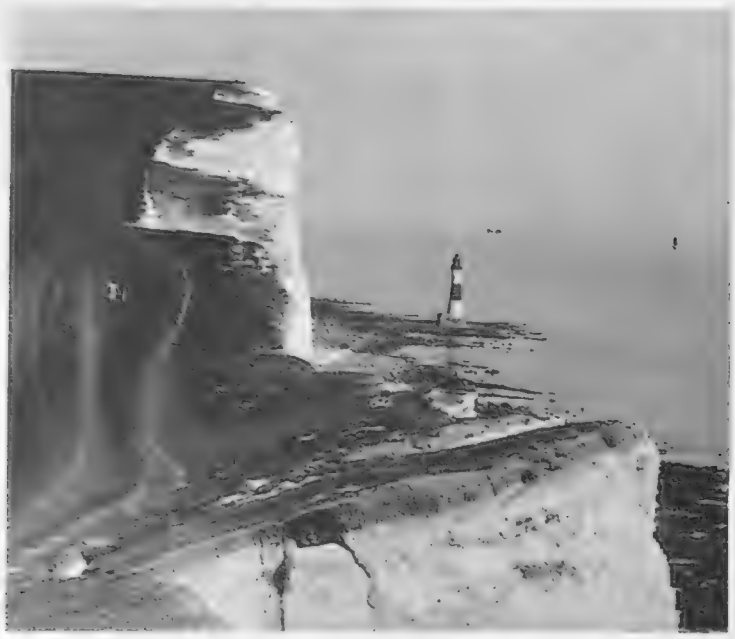
Now that engines are more reliable, forced landings are not so frequent as they were once. But your first forced landing may be your last—unless you have practised what to do. The golden rule is to fly high enough to give you a choice of landing places. If the engine stops, you choose a field that gives a long enough run into wind, a field which looks flat and is not surrounded by high trees or telegraph wires. Then the trick is to approach rather high and sideslip in over the hedge. Sideslipping is the only way to lose height without gaining speed.

Simple cross-country navigation in good weather is mostly a question of map reading. Under good conditions it is much less tiring to fly from London to the Isle of Wight than to drive a car there.

(*Continued on page* 128)

THE WRONG WAY TO APPROACH FLYING: A Cadet at a German training establishment in Pomerania receiving instruction on an advanced trainer. Note the tensity of expression and the tight-lipped concentration; this is *not* the way to carry out training

DEFENCE Against NAPOLEON



WHERE THE CHALK CLIFFS TOWER OVER THE CHANNEL

An unusual view of Beachy Head lighthouse seen from the famous chalk cliffs which overlook Britain's moat. They rise to 533 ft. at one point

NATURE HAS PROVIDED RAMPARTS IN SOME DISTRICTS

Down in the West Country the scenery takes on a new angle. These steep and irregular cliffs at Oddicombe seem to have been built by Nature as a rampart against would-be invaders

CERTAIN STRETCHES OF COASTLINE CARRY RAILWAY TRACKS

The North Lancashire coast is one of these areas; an L.M.S. express is seen speeding along a part of the west coast .en route for the north

AN IDEA SUGGESTED BY THE CLIFF CAVERN OF WILL WATCH, THE FAMOUS SMUGGLER

However embellished the story may be, there seems to be a nucleus of truth in the story of Will Watch's defence of his cavern high up in a chalk cliff overlooking the Channel. This he defended brilliantly against a concerted attack by the military. Will Watch fired on a revenue cutter and so got into serious trouble

CONSIDERATIONS of invasion have revived public interest in the Martello towers of England, but it is odd that recent accounts of them have mostly omitted to mention the east coast. The towers in Essex and Suffolk were quite as important as those in Kent and Sussex because they were built on a slightly larger plan, even if not so numerous. Possibly the south coast Martellos are better known through being more conspicuous, such as the four on Folkestone cliffs and the Leas, and their being generally in occupied regions. Some of the Suffolk towers, on the other hand, stand in isolated tracts where even in summer time one may walk without meeting another human being.

The decision was taken in April, 1804, to erect a number of "round towers" for the protection of the coasts against invasion. The records reveal the interest and influence in their development of such well-known figures as the Earl of Chatham, Sir David Dundas and Sir John Moore. The work of the heroic Moore has left its mark in few places more clearly than in the neighbourhood of Folkestone, Shorncliffe and Hythe, and the defences still in existence owe much to his initiative and energy. The Royal Military Canal from Hythe to Rye, providing a formidable wet ditch and rampart, was a specific fortification, not a means of communication as has sometimes been thought. Moore was active in its progress and in the progress of the Martello towers and forts in the vicinity. Engaged one day at Dungeness inspecting the batteries there, he suddenly got news of an enemy landing and galloped his horse all the way back to Shorncliffe, only to discover it was a false alarm due to a mistaken

HOW THE MARTELLO TOWERS GUARDED FOUR COUNTIES

The Kentish and Sussex towers appear to be better known than those in Essex and Suffolk. Those lining the shores of the latter counties were larger and more complex in design

A BIG BRICK MARTELLO TOWER of the east coast group. Some of them are not round but flattened into an ovaloid form

coastal signal. So the round towers sprang up, from Seaford to Folkestone in the south, and from St. Osyth to Aldeburgh in the east. Each is supposed to have needed some millions of bricks and there is no doubt that the brickfields in the neighbourhood were working to capacity for months to come. By degrees the round towers came to be called Martellos by naval and military people who had themselves seen, or at any rate heard of the famous fort, the Tour de la Mortella, in Corsica, which a few years before had been the scene of fierce fights for its capture (1793 and 1794). Fighting had commenced in the island shortly after the French Revolution and the fall of Toulon. In the northern part of Corsica lies Mortella Bay, the Bay of the Myrtles, from which the tower got its name. Martello is a corruption of Mortella and is not derived from any mythical Colonel Martello or a mysterious foreign engineer named Martel!

THE CHIEF ARMAMENT WAS A 24-PDR. which was worked from a pivot and "racer" used for traversing the gun rapidly in any direction, seen in the centre of the view

Seventy-three towers, known by numbers, were built between Folkestone and Eastbourne, with another, No. 74, by itself at Seaford. Of these only twenty-eight remain. The mortality of Martello towers has nowhere been so heavy as along the shingly beaches of Hythe and Pevensey: each decade sees fresh victims of the action of the sea, and towers which were standing only a few years ago have toppled on to the strand and their foundations have been washed completely away by the waves.

Twenty-nine other Martellos, designated by letters, were erected from the mouth of the Colne northwards to Aldeburgh. As has been said, they were somewhat bigger than those on the south coast; they had additional windows, and two stairways leading from the main floor to the top platform in place of one; instead of being nearly round they had somewhat flattened sides and were more like a cam in shape. The tower at Aldeburgh ("CC") was quite an exception as it was built on the *cloverleaf* plan and had a more elaborate ditch and counterscarp.

Generally speaking, the Martello towers measured about 50 ft. at the base, slightly tapering some 8 ft. towards the top. The walls varied from 9 ft. thick on the seaward side to 5 ft. in rear. The crest was 34 ft. above ground level. The main armament was a 24-pdr. gun mounted on a slide capable of being traversed in every direction. This slide was pivoted in the centre of the platform and travelled round with small wheels on a circular iron rail or racer.

Recesses in the masonry held the projectiles, while the cartridges were handed up the stairs and passed through a trap in the solid wooden door at the head of the stairway. The flooring of the main first story room was of timber, supported on radial joists stretching from the central pillar to masonry brackets on the walls. The roof was of vaulted brickwork, exceptionally deep, springing from the central pillar. It was supposed to be bomb-proof. The garrison consisted of one officer and twenty-four soldiers.

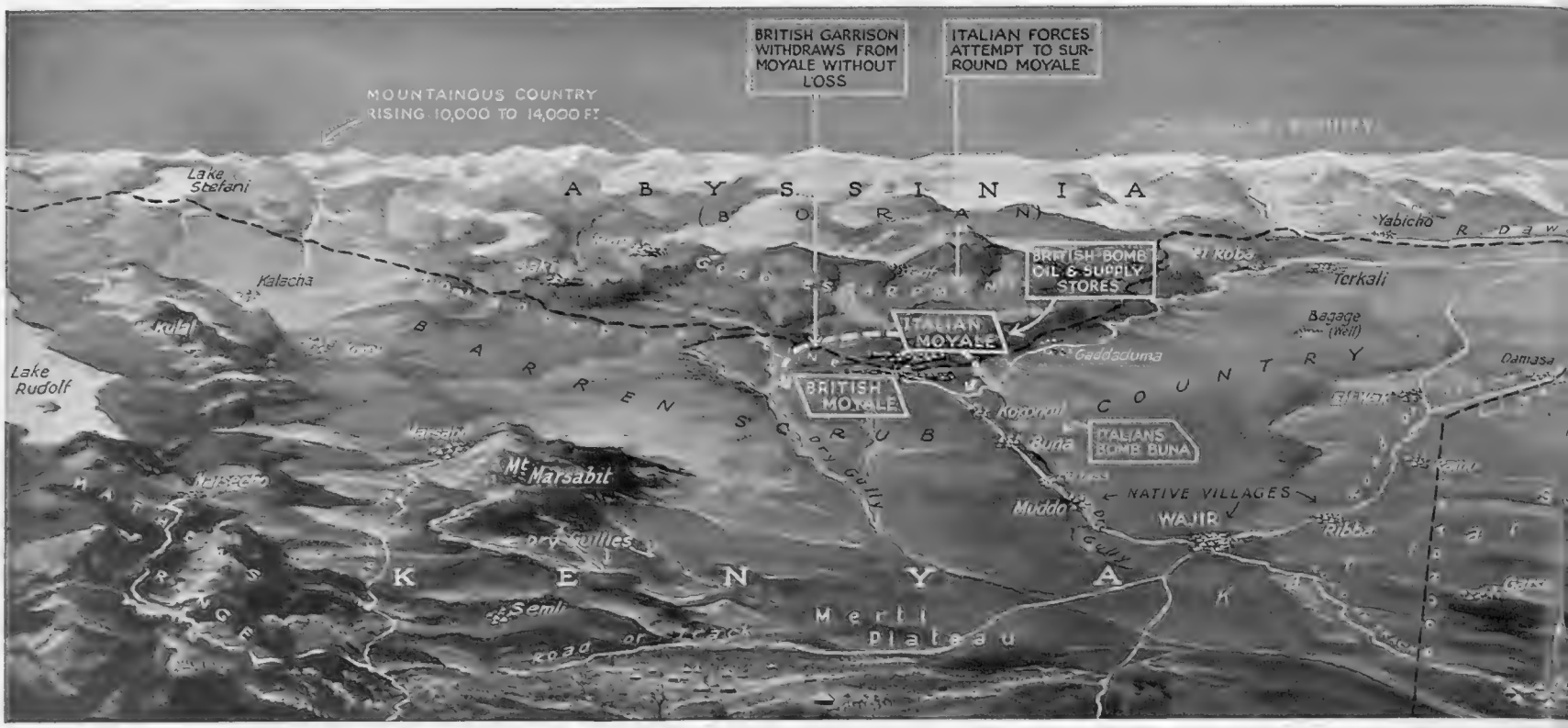
Of the forty-five Martello towers still standing last year, out of 103 originally built, the majority were derelict and abandoned, but some were yet fulfilling useful purposes of sorts. Six had been converted into dwellings.

GUARDING THE EASTERN MOAT

WHERE THE NORTH SEA WAVES BREAK ON THE EASTERN COAST: The beaches of Britain's east coast are strange, unfamiliar places these days. Young people no longer disport themselves in the sea, and the nursemaids and babies no longer sit by the shelter of the groynes. Instead there are the sharp commands of the sergeants as platoons exercise on the firm sand. Here are some Royal Scots Fusiliers drawn up for a rifle inspection

FARTHER INLAND GUNS APPEAR AT WELL-CHOSEN BUT UN-OBVIOUS POSITIONS: The Secretary of State for War last week-end inspected some of the military preparations against invasion. *On left*—Lieut.-General Sir Ronald F. Adam, Bart., C.B., G.O.C. Northern Command, touring defences of the Northumbrian coast

A CHEERY NOTE IN THE BRACING EAST COAST AIR: The men are in fine fettle on the east coast beaches. *On right*—The guns and rifles blaze over cliff seats now free of the summer holidaymakers



THE BRITISH ADVANCED POST OF MOYALE, ABANDONED TO THE ITALIAN-ABYSSINIAN FORCES: This advanced post on the Kenya-Abyssinian frontier was abandoned to an Italian-Abyssinian brigade last week, the small British force retiring in the night without any interference from the enemy. The fort had been three parts surrounded and the position, with such odds, was becoming untenable. Oil and supply stores in Italian Moyale, the other half of the native townlet, have been bombed, and the Italians have, on their part, bombed Buna. The surrounding country is barren scrub with occasional village positions of varying importance. It is not until one climbs into the Marsabit country that the scenery becomes attractive. The traffic routes are merely tracks. On the Abyssinian side of the border, the land runs up into an escarpment, backed by mountainous country rising to 14,000 ft. in some districts

WHERE A PLUCKY STAND WAS MADE: Moyale Fort was defended by a small force of King's African Rifles until outnumbered by an Italian Abyssinian brigade which was thrown against it with the intention of surrounding the post and compelling its surrender. The fort had a look-out tower and walled courtyard

THE TYPE OF SCENERY ON THE FRONTIER: A couple of lorries seen at a bend of the Dawa River (see bird's-eye view at head of page). The river itself is lined with trees, but this vegetation does not extend any considerable distance from the stream

THE gallant defence of Moyale, a small British military outpost on the Kenya-Abyssinian frontier, has brought East Africa prominently into the fighting zone. East Africa had long been preparing for the possible entry of Italy into the conflict and had increased her forces. These consisted mainly of the King's African Rifles, a famous regiment, composed of native volunteers with white officers; the Kenya Regiment, made up of volunteers from the white resident population; and some troops from South Africa and Northern Rhodesia. A fine Air Force from South Africa and Southern Rhodesia had also arrived in the Colony.

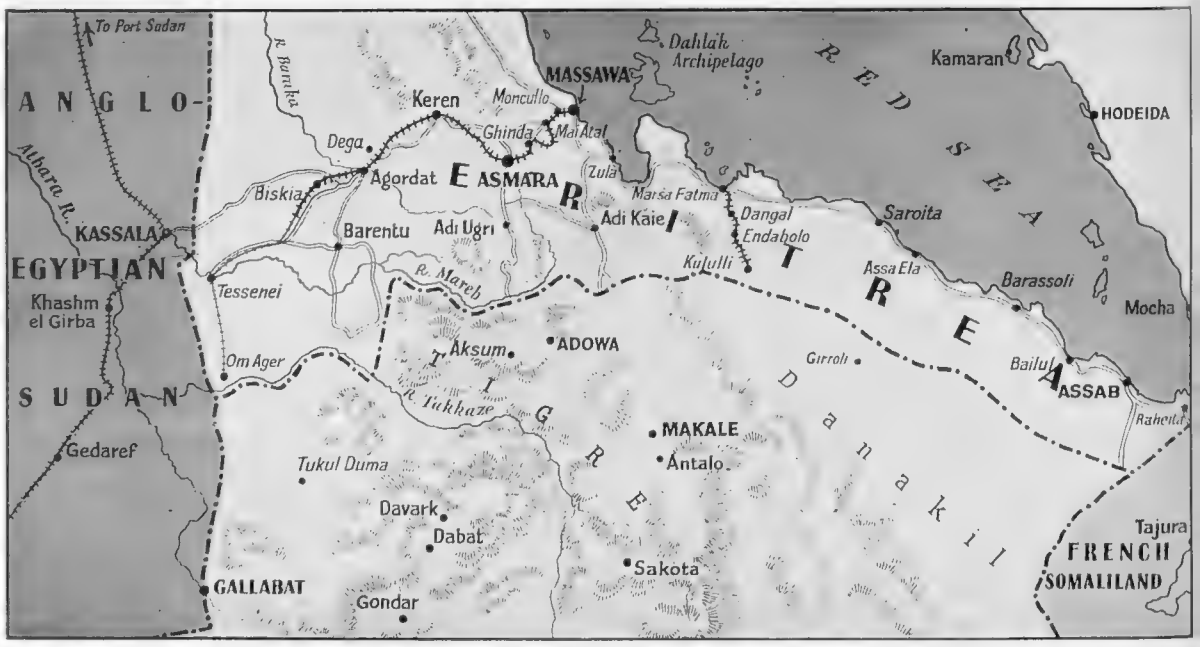
The great problem was the defence of the long frontier—Abyssinia on the north and Italian Somaliland on the east—900 miles to guard. The British forces have had to be posted at the most important points, scattered over the arid country.

The month of June, after the war with Italy began on the 10th, was passed in constant raiding, by both sides, in the air and on land. British raiding parties on some occasions found the posts evacuated so hurriedly that arms were left behind.

But with July the Italians started a serious attack upon Moyale, which was dominated by high ground across the frontier. Assault from the air began, and on July 1 three attacks were made which were repelled. The R.A.F. and South African Air Force greatly assisted the defence by bombing gun positions. The enemy, a few days later, started heavy bombardment, 1,000 shells, it is said, being dropped on the small outpost. The Italians believe in flattening out a place before the actual assault. The defenders, however, calmly repaired the damage, and awaited the inevitable attack.

It appears that it was necessary for Italy to gain some spectacular success to offset their failure in Libya, so a whole brigade, accompanied by batteries of artillery, were sent against Moyale, so that there should be no possibility of failure. They started a general attack upon the outpost on July 10. Inside the post was one company of the King's African Rifles, considered to be sufficient for such a small place. British military opinion considers the enemy force brought against it to be absurdly out of proportion to the value of the prize desired.

The British relieving force took up positions on a high ridge while Moyale fought on stubbornly, even making counter attacks against the enemy. For five days the company, fighting a brigade, held out and would have continued longer but for the failure of the water supply. This came from two wells, one of which was about a mile away from the post. Under certain conditions these wells sometimes dry up, and when this unluckily happened, the gallant defenders had to withdraw, which they did, in the laconic official communiqué, "according to plan and without incident."



THE NORTHERN AREA OF OPERATIONS: In addition to Moyale, attacks were made upon Kassala and Gallabat, on the Sudanese border, and the garrisons were withdrawn in the earlier days of the month. The rivers at these two points were reported last week to be rising and affecting the nature of the local struggle. Asmara, Massawa and Assab have been bombed

BATTLE FRONTS and BOMBING FRONTS

And a Leaf from European History

THE Treaty of Westphalia, which at last brought the long and dreary Thirty Years War to an end in 1648, found Germany geographically a very different land to which we have been accustomed since 1870. A Protestant state could then be Protestant without interference, and the same liberty was enjoyed in the Catholic states.

The Holy Roman Empire retained all its titles and outward forms of dignity but it lost all control over the German states, apart from its own Austrian possessions. All power had gone to the German princes, who had absolute authority over their principalities, however small they might be. They could make laws, impose taxes, make their own coinage, arrange treaties with foreign states, and impose their will upon their subjects. Much territory had been lost to France and Sweden. France obtained Alsace with Metz, Toul and Verdun, and Sweden gained Pomerania and the Bishopric of Bremen—a commanding position on the Elbe and Oder.

For more than 100 years Germany remained without any national feeling; each little state was for itself. While other countries were acquiring colonial possessions and growing in national unity, the mass of German states were too helpless and insignificant to take any part in foreign enterprise. They were willing to let out their small armies as mercenaries, and to receive subsidies from powerful states for services rendered.

The leading state in the north was Brandenburg, holding a central position. It was the great object of each succeeding Elector to add to his possessions and to unite them as they lay scattered in fragments, some in the west along the Rhine district and some in the east where the duchy of Prussia lay outside the Empire. Centralisation became the ruling passion of each Elector. Victory over Sweden brought back Pomerania, and finally in 1701 the Emperor permitted the former Elector to hold the title of King of Prussia. This rise of Prussia from a small electorate was owing partly to its leadership of the Protestant states and partly to the formation of a fine army, which helped to promote the growth of national feeling.

Under Frederick William I, the second king of Prussia, the internal condition of the country was greatly improved. By strict frugality he had amassed a large fortune, which he handed on to his son, who was to become Frederick the Great, together with the finest army of disciplined men in Europe. This army was employed so efficiently by Frederick the Great that he added greatly to the territory he had inherited, making Prussia into one of the great powers. He gained Silesia after his war with Austria in 1742, and part of Poland in the first partition of that unhappy country in 1772. As an ally of England he took a great part in the Seven Years War, in which he displayed all the qualities of a military genius. He founded the greatness of Prussia.

To Frederick the Great lies the distinction of doubling the size of Prussia; to Count Otto von Bismarck the making of the greatness of Germany. As one of the Junkers, Bismarck was intensely conservative, hating all forms of liberalism, believing in the divine authority both of the king and landlords. At the same time he was a realist, ready to use any means at his hand for the one great purpose to which he held.

The first step was the acquisition of the two duchies, Schleswig and Holstein, which belonged to the Danish crown, but were not part of the kingdom.

The Six Weeks War with Austria in 1866 brought about a crushing defeat for the Austrians at Sadowa, due to the immense superiority of the Prussian army, which up till then had not been tried, and which somewhat surprised Europe whose general opinion had favoured the success of Austria. Once victory was obtained Bismarck hastened to make peace on generous terms, by which Austria withdrew from all interference in German affairs. Prussia then proceeded to annex Hanover and part of Hesse Darmstadt and to become the head of a North German confederation of states.

When the inevitable war eventuated in 1870 over the candidature for the throne of Spain, France was rapidly defeated.

Germany became a federal state with the King of Prussia (whose kingdom vastly dominated in size all that of the other states put together) as the hereditary head, and thus the lifelong aim of Bismarck was fulfilled.

PRUSSIA IN THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES: The growth of Prussia from 1648 to 1795 is shown in this special "Sphere" map. For a long time, the territory which has since become of such sinister renown as the Danzig Corridor was not in German hands. The existence of a corridor was no new thing separating East Prussia from the west

THE PATCHWORK OF GERMAN STATES WHICH PRECEDED THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR: The whole of what is now called Germany was, prior to 1870, covered with an extraordinary number of subdivisions stretching from Baden and the Rhine province to East Prussia

BA ES IN THE HARBOURAGE AT DUISBURG BOMBED: Assemblages of barges, whether intended for invasion purposes or for carrying goods into Germany, have been studiously bombed by the R.A.F. long-distance machines

OSNABRUCK HAS ALSO RECEIVED NIGHTLY ATTENTION: It is not possible to name all the important positions visited by our bombers. Smoking factory chimneys can be seen in the background of this view of Osnabruck; and among other important points bombed by the R.A.F. during the past few days have been an air-frame factory at Cassel and the Dornier works at Wismar

A SAD FATE FOR A PRETTY MEDITERRANEAN FRONTIER TOWN: It is difficult to realise that Mentone has been badly damaged by French gunfire. This extraordinary occurrence took place after Italian troops had occupied the town. This view shows the old town

A BRIEF ESCAPE FROM THE WAR

Contrasts; Victorian Giants and Modern Statesmen; A Note on Jays

"EMMA" — The Great Days.— There is not much time for reading nowadays, especially if one spends his spare (?) time reading newspapers and listening to that box of tricks. But I read myself to sleep, for it is an old habit and I have employed "Emma" as my sleeping draught for a week or more. There's a book for the times! The action of *Pride and Prejudice* compared with *Emma's* is as an Edgar Wallace compared with a Henry Harland.

Six chapters are devoted to keen discussion as to whether or no the Westons shall "take up the carpet" for a drawing-room dance of five couples. Can the dance be kept "exclusive" with so many as five couples, can it be kept alive with so few? Those

A LINK WITH W. G. GRACE: A doorstep from Dr. W. G. Grace's house at Downend, Bristol, was laid at the foot of the steps of Wellingborough School cricket pavilion by Major Henry Grierson, Cambridge cricket and rugby Blue. The step was obtained by Mr. Murray Witham, the Wellingborough sports master, from the present owner of the property. From left to right, E. Murray Witham (sports master, Wellingborough), Dr. A. V. Billen (headmaster), Major Henry Grierson, J. E. Lloyd-Price (cricket captain) and V. W. C. Jupp, seen after the step-laying ceremony

were the days! When smart young men about town could spend a frenzied fortnight in Cobham, paying morning calls and listening to Miss Jane "obliging at the instrument," and be busy, thrilled and contented all the time. Those were the days, when Time stood still and nothing ever happened (at least *in* England) more frightful and tremendous than the curate's engagement to an alien—a "fortune" from the neighbouring county. Such was the acme of disillusionment in those great days of English country life, when civilisation trifled with tremendous trifles.

"There were Giants in those Days."—When I turn, as I do, to Regency and Victorian biography and novels to find relief from the stress and anxiety of to-day, I find myself constantly struck by the contrast between their difficulties and our own; and in consequence the greatness attributed to the notable men of those days for ever diminishes in my mind.

I read Jane Austen and take note that, though she wrote under the shadow of instant invasion by Napoleon's grand army, there is in the length and breadth of her novels no mention worth citing of the imminent dangers, no note of anxiety, no interest in European politics or military preoccupations. Decisive battles, the fall of dynasties, changes in the map of Europe, made no impression on her mind or on the life of the villages in which she lived. Last week I watched in a little "theatre" set in a glade in a wood, a dozen children rehearsing scenes from *As You Like It*. These children, some of them mere babies, spoke their words and mimed their actions, with a sadly conscious eye on the sky as aeroplanes passed and repassed overhead.

It was difficult not to contrast the pre-occupations of the minds of country folk in the first decade of the nineteenth century with those of small children in 1940. It was difficult not to dilute a little the strong brew of the reputation even of Pitt when one contrasted his difficulties with those of present-day statesmen and one cannot but decide that the quality of the present race of Britons is finer than that of our ancestors of 100 years ago. At least the quality *shown* by the present generation. Our ancestors may have had it in them. They were not called on to show it. No such proofs, such acid tests, were demanded of them.

Take one great Victorian statesman as a single example—Disraeli. In the most favourable light, thrown on him before our present stresses and difficulties were even dreamed of, Disraeli's achievements were never very formidably marshalled. He was a brilliant individualist politician. He played a lone hand with consummate skill. He made a great reputation—for himself. But of the principles which from time to time he declared to stand for, he brought none to fruition.

Set him to-day beside a modern statesman of moderate ability, set his difficulties beside those of his modern counterpart and—inevitably—one more great Victorian reputation is shattered to dust. He may have had it in him to be great. But between 1815 and 1914 no such tests were imposed on statesmen, no such tests were imposed on Britons, high or humble. It is a not unreasonable conclusion to reach.

As You Like It (or Not). — The sirens were wailing from a south coast port while I sat "in another part of the wood," to hear some children playing scenes from *As You Like It* in our little open air theatre. The Duke's cave was indeed a modern dugout, fashioned by the players themselves; for children must ever be in the movement and enjoy topical toys and fashions. And above the mutter and stutter of the guns and machine-guns, I heard a child's voice:

"If ever you have looked on better days;
If ever been where bells have knolled to church;
. . and know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be."

Players and audience, young and old, have looked on better days; have memory of times when church bells knolled to church and not to alarm posts; and here in England still know what 'tis to pity. Better days will come again. Meanwhile, under difficulties and handicaps, the cause of knowledge, the arts and graces of civilised life and freedom, survive in these islands and will not give in.

Why should we give them up? The children are using *their* weapons, we older folk are using ours, to preserve the same treasure inviolate. They with their schoolbooks, we with our spades and rifles, are holding the last bastion for beauty and decency and the sweets of human life—

"What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness."

ROEDEAN GOES NORTH: The famous public school for girls is being evacuated from the south coast to the Lake District. The Keswick Hotel, a view of which is seen above, has been taken over and the school will be in residence there at the beginning of the autumn term

RURAL "PARASPOTTERS": Recently in an English village, Britain's first "paraspotters"—women volunteer spotters or observers—went on duty. They consist of a group of local women who watch for parachutists during the day. At night the men of the L.D.V. take over

Jays. — They are such pretty birds—the ladies all agree—and a rusty winch, if it had a soul, might add that they have such pretty voices. In my view they are as low down and cunning as Hitler, as rapacious as Mussolini, and as cacophonous as Goebbels. To-day, at any rate, they are the common enemy of beleaguered Britons and it is devilish hard to get at them. Two broods, or perhaps three, frequent my garden, which is dedicated solely to food production. In two unguarded hours at dawn and one more at dusk these broods will strip an entire row of peas, half a row of beans or take 3 lb. of ripe raspberries. When detected they fly at the height of a man's head and no creature living has a better knowledge of the use of cover.

We treat their destruction as the R.N. and R.A.F. treat the destruction of U-boats and enemy planes. We do not put probables in the category of certainties. The certainties swing face downwards with wings spread *pour encourager les autres*. The probables, "unlikely to have reached home," are chalked up under another heading. We are nearing double figures in the present campaign of renewed frightfulness, and total warfare on our food supplies.

A Country House and Its War History.— This is the record of a moderate-sized country house in the southern half of England in its relations with the military authorities during this war. It is owned and lived in by a lady of eighty-two, whose health is naturally not robust. She has lived in it for sixty years continuously and her house is a document of English country life and is filled with the accumulations (many historic) of generations of culture.

October, 1939: A big field was commandeered on the estate 400 yards from the house. On it was erected a permanent military camp — of fine huts, water tanks, cook-houses, sandbagged sentry boxes, etc.

Early spring, 1940: The camp was evacuated and abandoned. Later it was slowly dismantled and by July nothing remained but debris. The field, of course, had gone out of cultivation.

June, 1940: The lady was visited by a billeting officer and required to billet in the house 300 officers and men. She reorganised, in the few hours' notice given her, her entire establishment of evacuees and household staff and cheerfully had all ready for the troops on time. A week later the troops were all removed at three hours' notice. They were full of praise for her welcome.

July, 1940: An area billeting officer visited her. She was told she must evacuate her house entirely. Remove the furniture from every room but one (there are forty rooms) and take herself off somewhere. Four days' notice was the most she could expect. The house would become a military barracks. She "ought to be thankful, as a reasonable rent would be paid."

She is eighty-two and was in bed unwell at the time when the work of estimating the time and cost of removal of two centuries of accumulations fell urgently to be done. The house, part of it very old, is fragile and utterly unsuited for a barracks. Meanwhile she thought of last month's billeting fiasco and of that expensive permanent camp set up and removed 400 yards from her door.

J. G.

A good thing always bears repetition

SO NEVER FAIL TO ASK FOR . . .

"BLACK & WHITE"

"It's the Scotch!"

C.J.L.

CAPTAIN BELL OF H.M.S. "EXETER"

LEADING SEAMAN DOVE OF H.M.S. "HARDY"

LEADING SEAMAN WALKER OF H.M.S. "ECLIPSE"

From among the official war artists whose work is being exhibited to the public at the National Gallery, the work of Mr. Eric Kennington stands out as pre-eminent. He succeeds in conveying a sense of solid virility to the British Navy with an effectiveness with which no other artist in the group can compete

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

VARIATIONS IN LITERARY FORM

This Week's Books Cater For All Tastes

MISS MONICA DICKENS will be remembered as the author of *One Pair of Hands*, a quite unusual, entertaining and courageous book, in which she recounted her experiences as maid-of-all-work, from which she eventually graduated to the dizzy height of cook-general. It revealed an adventurous personality and a sense of humour beyond the ordinary. The publishers also revealed that she was Charles Dickens' great-grand-daughter.

MARIANNE (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.) is her first novel; but even if Miss Dickens had not already made a name for herself with a touch of auto-biography, she would achieve recog-nition for this her first excursion into fiction.

Marianne gets off the mark with a dramatic chapter in which the heroine hears on the wireless that the destroyer in which her husband was serving has struck a mine and been sunk. The flat official announcement gave out that there were a number of survivors, but that it was feared that three out of the seven officers had lost their lives. Mary heard all this when alone in a cottage in the country, and of course the telephone wires were down.

From here Miss Dickens takes a step back into time and introduces us to her heroine as a child, the smell of the clean sheets at Charbury and all the lovely child-hood things that happened to her in that house of her grandparents to whom she always went for a summer holiday. The rest of the year round she lived in a small flat near Olympia with a hard-working mother and an eccentric uncle who played silly-ass parts on the stage.

The rest is all *du côté de chez Mary*, through school, through her first love affair with a God-like cousin who was captain of the eleven at Eton, through a visit to Paris during which she fell in love with, and became engaged to a highly sophisticated and rich young Frenchman, but with whom she promptly fell out of love when she took him to Charbury and saw how completely he did not fit in with the picture made by her clean young English cousins on the lawn at tea-time.

Her yearnings for the stage were effectually and cruelly cured by her experi-ences at an academy of dramatic art, and it was because she had appendicitis at the right moment that she met Sam, who married her, and whose presence on the destroyer was due to the fact that he was in the R.N.V.R. when war broke out.

The story's climax is equal in dramatic intensity to its opening and the device is as reasonable as it is assured.

Miss Dickens is entertaining because she has an eye for the trivia of life, which is, after all, a large, and sometimes the best, part of it. She is inclined to heap characters upon her reader; and it may be that none but the assiduous student will be able to sort out all the Charbury relations, none of whom comes to life with the same reality as the heroine, her mother, her uncle and her lovers. But she has also the saving grace of a delicious sense of humour.

There was Aunt Mavis, who was waiting outside the stationer's shop. "She was already ready and waiting too early. Ever since her husband had forgotten her at a wedding, and taken the car home without her, she was always expecting to be forgotten, even by people who could not conceivably have had too much champagne."

The story is full of little touches like this, and the result is extremely pleasant and entertaining.

American history having been the staple reading of devout readers of best-sellers for so long, it ought to be possible for them to enjoy a piece of Canadian history for a change. **THE CHAMPLAIN ROAD**, by Franklin Davey McDowell (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.), is a story of the Jesuit Fathers in Canada in the seventeenth century, whose fight for existence got mixed up with the desperate encounters between the Hurons and the Iroquois.

Mr. McDowell goes deep into the history of these tragic and sanguinary disputes—so deep, in fact, that the mysticism of the Jesuits and the pagan rites and beliefs of the Indians become interlocked with the story, and are explained at great length. The consequence is that the narrative gets clogged with a good deal of this, though at the same time it must be admitted that the spiritual struggle is exciting in itself, provided one's interest is held to it. It is a story of great heroism and devotion; and it is also inextricably interwoven with the history of Canada itself. *The Champlain Road* is conceived and executed on the grand scale and in the grand manner, and is a worthy recipient of the Governor-General's prize.

In a recent notice of a book about Charles Lamb this reviewer uttered a small lament on the neglect of the essay. Now comes Mr. Walter de la Mare's **PLEASURES AND SPECULATIONS** (Faber and Faber. 15s.) to dispel such pipings, and to compel unstinted praise.

It is not often that I find myself in agreement with a blurb writer, yet when Messrs. Faber's professional encomiast says of Mr. de la Mare's essays that he has "put new life into an old name" I declare, in the words of the American, he has said a mouthful.

For Mr. de la Mare is a poet; and while no poet can write bad prose, it doesn't follow that he is at home with the slippered formality of the essay form. Moreover, here is a book-man exploring a fresh ground which is familiar to all his readers. Like the true artist, he opens up fresh vistas; with brilliant perception and daring diversions he finds new meanings in the old familiar phrases. For our delight he infuses new life into famous literary characters, and points the aphorism that criticism is nothing if not personal in some provocative speculations on "Poetry in Prose."

It is high time that this collection was made available in volume form. That it arrives at an unfortunate time need not disturb those who are convinced that the hungry generations of violence cannot obscure, much less destroy, that which is imperishable.

Ghosts always make good believe-it-or-not reading, and where there is a ghost there is a story. The ghost has haunted the written and spoken word since the beginning of time, has inspired great literature and provoked many learned treatises.

In choosing **POLTERGEISTS** (Faber and Faber. 15s.) for examination and our entertainment Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell has chosen his phantoms from the rambustious and rampageous school. The Poltergeist specialises in domestic disturbance of the violent order. He is a persistent thrower of pots and pans and remover of furniture, pictures and aspidistras, a snatcher off of bedclothes, behaving, in fact, like a modern interior decorator gone mad in the Tottenham Court Road. Mr. Sitwell inquires, speculates and points many classic in-stances. As always, he extracts enough entertain-ment from his subject to secure our delighted attention, and his book is delightfully supported by decorations by Miss Irene Hawkins and silhouettes by Cruikshank.

Mrs. Violet Cressy-Marcks is a traveller of some renown, having studied survey with the Royal Geographical Society, and having made hazardous journeys into the trackless wastes of four con-tinents. **JOURNEY INTO CHINA** (Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.) is, as its title implies, the record of her two most recent journeys into that country, within whose borders she is no stranger, having made six such excursions in a few years. In this time she has collected a unique and unrivalled knowledge of that vast, sprawling mass which is called China; has crossed most of its frontiers and visited all the Chinese provinces. This book is a record of her intention to see and hear for herself all the manifestations which have brought about such a great change in the life of China and in the outlook of that country, the full significance of which is only yet dimly realised in the world at large.

Naturally what is described as the Sino-Japanese incident overshadows everything that she sought to find. But there was something more than that which is only dimly comprehended in the Western world, which has an enormous significance, the result of which must become apparent as events develop. That is the relationship between Russia and China, which has for so long been obscured by differences in life and outlook, in ideology, and by intensive propaganda from interested parties.

In three brief chapters Mrs. Cressy-Marcks sums up the political history of China through the last two vital decades. Concisely and brilliantly she outlines what she calls the gospel according to Dr. Sun Yat-sen, followed by another gospel according to Chiang Kai-shek, and culminating in a very concise statement of the events which led up to the Sian coup in which Chiang Kai-shek finally made terms with the Chinese Reds, and "eventually Nanking stood firm and determined to resist the Japanese. The civil war had ended, and China was at last united."

She journeyed northward to Lake Koko Nor—a route which few Europeans have ever taken. She went straight into the heart of the Red stronghold; and she graphically records an interview with Mao Tse-tung, the Communist general, and sums him up as "a clever tactician and strategist, with a mixture of simplicity and shrewdness, but never-theless a great character. He had a good sense of humour, and was well read and fond of philosophy."

The book is well documented, with many first-rate illustrations.

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A FREE HAND FOR PROGRESS

(*Continued from page* 116)

the knuckles. The technical experts must learn that they have to give way to the ideas of active-service people.

If the enemy tries to land in this country by barges and flat boats and so forth, and by troop-carrying aeroplanes and parachutes, we must attack them with everything we have got. They will be well protected by fighters, and by anti-aircraft guns and machine-guns in the boats themselves and by escorts of speed-boats and destroyers. The boats are bound to be vulnerable because they cannot carry overhead armour. Therefore small bombs and even the good old Mills hand-grenade would be effective.

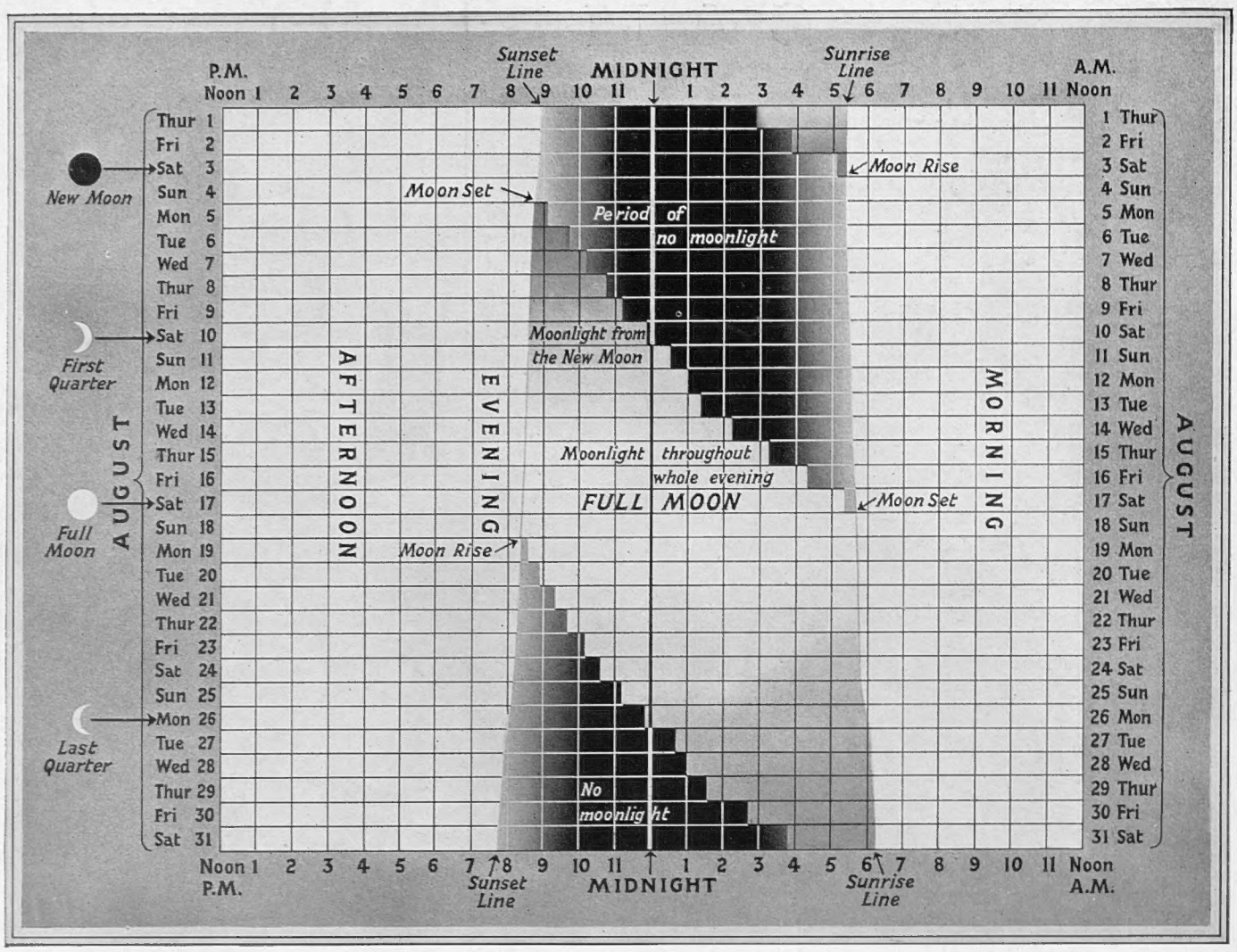
Our fighters will have to attack the enemy's first-line fighters and bombers. Our bombers will be busy attacking the aerodromes and harbours from which the enemy start. Therefore the attacks on the boats themselves ought to be left as much as possible to our secondary air forces.

Many of our advanced trainers, such as the Hawker Fury (single-seater) and the Hawker Hart, Demon, Audax and so forth (two-seaters), which were first-line machines three or four years ago, are quite good enough to shoot down enemy troop-carriers and parachute-carriers. But besides those we have masses of elementary trainers — Tiger Moths and Miles Magisters — which have as much carrying capacity as had the old B.E.2cs in the last war. They could carry useful loads of the old Cooper bombs and Mills grenades, which any ingenious mechanic could arrange to be ejected from a chute.

The modern advanced trainer, the Miles Master with a Rolls-Royce Kestrel, when fitted with guns, is a match for any German fighter in manœuvrability—the German could only escape by superior speed.

When the great invasion comes we have to stop bothering about school work and so forth. Any pupil who has done fifty hours in the air can be let loose with a cargo of Mills bombs to attack boats or men on the beaches. There are in fact lots of club machines which ought to be used for training and are not. All those ought to be rigged up with bomb racks.

But all these preparations have to be made at once. And if the *blitzkrieg* has started already there is all the more need for getting all these auxiliary machines rigged up. Let us remember what the little boats did in getting the B.E.F. out of Dunkirk, and let us give the little aeroplanes a chance of stopping the invader from getting into this country.



"THE SPHERE'S" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR AUGUST: During the opening days of August, the month which, in times of peace, has always been considered to be pre-eminently the holiday month, there is no moonlight at all. It is not until about the 8th of the month that the narrow crescent of the moon will be perceived between the hours of 9 and 10 in the evening. From the 10th onwards there will be increasing light lasting until 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning. On the 16th, 17th and 18th, that is, the middle of the month, there will be light from the full moon, weather permitting, throughout the entire night. From the 20th, the moon will rise about 9 in the evening, rising later each day until on Monday the 26th there will be no moonlight before midnight

A limited number of these charts will be supplied free of charge on application to the Publisher, "The Sphere," 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. but 2½d. in stamps must be enclosed with the application

THE R.A.F. ARE WONDERFUL!

(*Continued from page* 119)

Of course, the trip will only occupy thirty-five minutes on a slow aeroplane and would take best part of half a day by car. But even if we fly for the same length of time, we need to concentrate hard only for a few moments at the take-off and on landing. Once we have reached a good height, we can study our maps and look around at the view.

Fancy trying to read a map while driving a car! The car driver must concentrate his eyes on the road ahead during the whole journey, but on a calm clear day the pilot merely needs to check (every five minutes or so) that the machine is not drifting off its course. Moreover, a good aeroplane will fly itself on a calm day, but even a Rolls-Royce car won't steer itself. For example, I remember going down to Lympne, near Folkestone, one evening. The air was so very peaceful that the controls were not touched more than once or twice after leaving Croydon. The machine was balanced so delicately that if I leaned my head forward she would go into a gentle dive, while if I put my head back she would begin a steady climb.

On the other hand, if the clouds are below 1,000 ft., or there is a mist which reduces visibility to less than 3 miles, then motoring is much less of a strain. The trouble with flying in a mist is that you cannot go slower than 70 m.p.h. At that speed it is very easy to miss your landmarks and lose yourself. It is most unpleasant to be lost in a fog, unable to go slower than an express train, and with only twenty minutes petrol left. That is why the weather forecast is so important to the solo pilot; the weather makes all the difference between a carefree, restful trip and a period of great anxiety. Visibility of 1 mile is more than enough for car driving, but up above you can barely see across two fields—and that is not enough for safe flying.

Before you set off across country, you make sure that you have the appropriate maps to cover the route.

When you take off and turn on to your compass course, you either note the time, or start your stop-watch going. Your route card tells you that in five minutes a railway junction should be just on your left. But it is not. On the contrary, it is a mile away on the right. This shows that the wind at your height is blowing you sideways to the left and therefore you alter your compass reading a few degrees to the right to get back on your course. At the end of fifteen minutes the town of Aylesbury appears immediately underneath. This is as it should be, and so you carry steadily on.

Perhaps when you arrive at Liverpool you see, by the windsock thrashing about, that the surface wind has got up from the sea and it is much stronger than you expected. In fact, you have never landed before under such boisterous conditions. Well, it is Hobson's choice because there is not enough petrol left now to go anywhere else. You estimate that the wind on the ground is gusting up to 40 m.p.h. so you decide to approach 10 m.p.h. faster than usual.

Even so, your speed over the ground will be less than usual when you face the wind. But as the machine nears the ground it is tossed up and down very violently and you have to move the stick equally violently to stay on an even keel. This makes you realise that there is no hope of making a perfect landing; you can only try to avoid breaking anything.

In this way, you steadily continue to gain experience. If you are fond of flying, and by this time you are probably convinced that it is the greatest sport on earth, then you will want to learn aerobatics. A lot of people think that aerobatics serve no useful purpose, except perhaps to the military pilot. Nothing could be farther from the truth. A pilot should be able to control the machine whatever position it may get into. Aerobatics are the finest way to secure the confidence that you are master of the machine. A pilot who enjoys practising aerobatics is obviously more trustworthy than a man who is frightened of them.

But do let me say this. When you have mastered the simple aerobatics, the loop, spin, steep turns, the cartwheel and the falling leaf, you have not yet entered upon the ultimate happiness. That comes when you begin inverted or upside down flying. This in turn leads you to those aerobatics where you come off the seat; slow rolls, half-roll into a loop and so on. It is very odd to hang on the shoulder straps looking up at the Thames flowing through meadows above your head—and it is surprising how your neck is stretched.

Of course, there are many different kinds of flying, and a pilot may be in the top rank for one kind of flying and without experience in another kind. You would not expect a fisherman to take command of a Cunard liner. And an Oxford rowing blue may not be qualified to manage a submarine. So it is with flying. Each man learns to fly in a similar way but eventually specialises in one form of flying or another.

In the last war, the Bristol Fighter had just about the same speed, the same range and climb as the ordinary De Havilland Moth of to-day, on which we learn to fly. But the fighter of 1940, fitted with eight guns, a load of ammunition, oxygen for the pilot and wireless equipment, is as fast as the Schneider Racer of five years ago—and it is less tricky to handle. They were both designed by a Mr. Mitchell, but the Schneider Racer could only be flown by picked pilots under perfect conditions with no useful load. Now, five years later, young men climb 2,000 ft. a minute in the Spitfire and, to me, the miracle is that they can land them at night.

In the last war there was no British bomber which could reach Berlin. Now it lies within our power to deliver in one night more bombs than the Germans dropped in England during the whole of the last war.

A GREAT NEW SCHEME OF NATIONAL SERVICE

Shopkeepers throughout the country are being invited to act as honorary official agents for the sale of National Savings Certificates and Savings Stamps, and shoppers, particularly women, are being encouraged to make the purchase of these a shopping list habit.

Retailers will have a wonderful opportunity to wield their great selling power in the service of their country by offering a further service to their customers. This easily accessible means of buying National Savings Certificates and Stamps will help to relieve the enormous pressure on Post Offices, due to the great success of the National Savings Campaign.

The scheme is simplicity itself. It involves no troublesome book-keeping. Its possibilities are enormous.

Money must be found to pay for the war; and how valuable is the facility to the customer who, in buying National Savings Certificates, will be storing up savings for the future.

This vast scheme actually came into operation during National Savings Week in June. Already over 2,000 large shops and multiple stores are working it with remarkable keenness, akin to that wonderful enthusiasm which marks every activity of the National Savings Movement.

Sir Robert Kindersley, President of the National Savings Committee, has great hopes for the success of the scheme. "We hope," he says, "to enlist the help of at least 20,000 shops and traders throughout the country—and judging from support we are receiving, I have little doubt of our reaching this figure."

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

THE beauties of Lakeland are known to many a walking enthusiast, but I feel there must still be numberless people who, because walking is not their particular hobby, write off the whole of the Lake District as "dull." To such I would say, how can a countryside be dull that changes every minute? You must be the dull one, if you cannot appreciate a scene that shows you a fresh facet with every turn of the road. And what other part of England can be lovely when it is sunny, but lovelier still in misty or cloudy weather?

To get to the Lakes by road, even in these days of petrol rationing, need not present an insoluble problem. By saving a month's allowance it can probably be done, and the sacrifice entailed will be worth it. If motoring is out of the question the beauty is still yours for the asking. I know of three hotels in Buttermere valley which can be reached by train and a short motor drive, and once settled in them, even if you refuse to set foot in thick-soled shoe, you can sample the varied beauties of the valley from the hotel gardens.

Scale Hill Hotel, Loweswater, is the first that comes to my mind. In spite of its name you do not scale a hill, as hills go in this part of the world, to reach it. It stands on rising ground at the northern end of the Buttermere valley with fields sloping away from the garden to the foot of the mountains beyond.

You pull up in a broad, cobbled yardway between two low-roofed sixteenth-century buildings. The smaller is an annexe, with plenty of accommodation for chauffeurs and hotel staff, the larger is the hotel itself, looking less like an hotel and more like a dignified farmhouse than anything I have yet seen.

Colour is the first thing that strikes you as you walk into the hall. The warm tangerine red of the stair-carpet and the heavy curtains framing the archway at the foot of it; the vivid blaze of red, yellow, blue and white from a huge bowl of mixed flowers on the table in front of you; the twinkling reflections from shining copper and polished oak. Go straight through into the garden, which you can see from the hall, and you have the origin of some of the colour at least.

Mrs. Millburn is proud of her flowers, and the crimson roses splash their way across a grey stone wall, while tall creamy lilies fill the afternoon air with their scent. A good place this for a brief spell of idleness, and in the white-walled dining-room, with its fascinating cloud photograph, taken from a mountain top at sunrise, you will get your fill of other good things, including at times a delicious fish called char, which is caught in Crummock Water, and for which in London you pay fabulous sums for a mere mouthful. At Scale Hill a whole fish is part of your dinner!

Those who prefer to approach their fish with a rod before they start on it with a fork should stay here, for the fishing in Crummock is in the Millburns' property, and Mr. Millburn, himself an enthusiast, can show you exactly where to go for the best sport.

A little higher up the valley stands the Buttermere Hotel. Quiet, comfortable, and simply run, it is an excellent retreat. On the day I saw it, though there was only a suspicion of chill in the air, the sitting-room had a cheery fire. "It looks welcoming," explained Miss Edmondson, and in that comprehensive sentence explained her whole attitude towards successful hotel-keeping.

For those whose Lakeland geography is not of the best, I should explain that Honister Pass and the range of hills it scales lies between Buttermere and Derwentwater, and just back from the banks of the latter are the Falls of Lodore. I wonder how many people know that these tumble down into the gardens of the Lodore Hotel?

To find and keep staff is a very real problem for hotel managers these days, but at the Lodore the maids remain for the same reason that visitors pay repeat visits year after year—because they are made happy and comfortable. "No cocktail bars or gramophones for me," says Mrs. Pape, the owner, "but solid comfort and peace." Two very welcome adjuncts to this harassing life of ours. Don't get the impression that the Lodore is not modernly equipped. It is, and they have their own electric light plant.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a 2½d. stamp for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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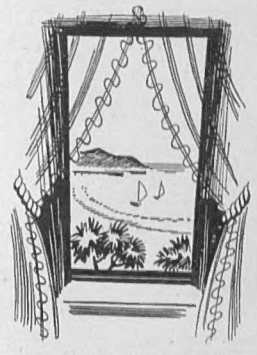

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